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JUNE 10, 1983

Tom Bethell on
...e Williamsburg Caper
—See page 673

V. 35 #11

NATIONAL REVIEW

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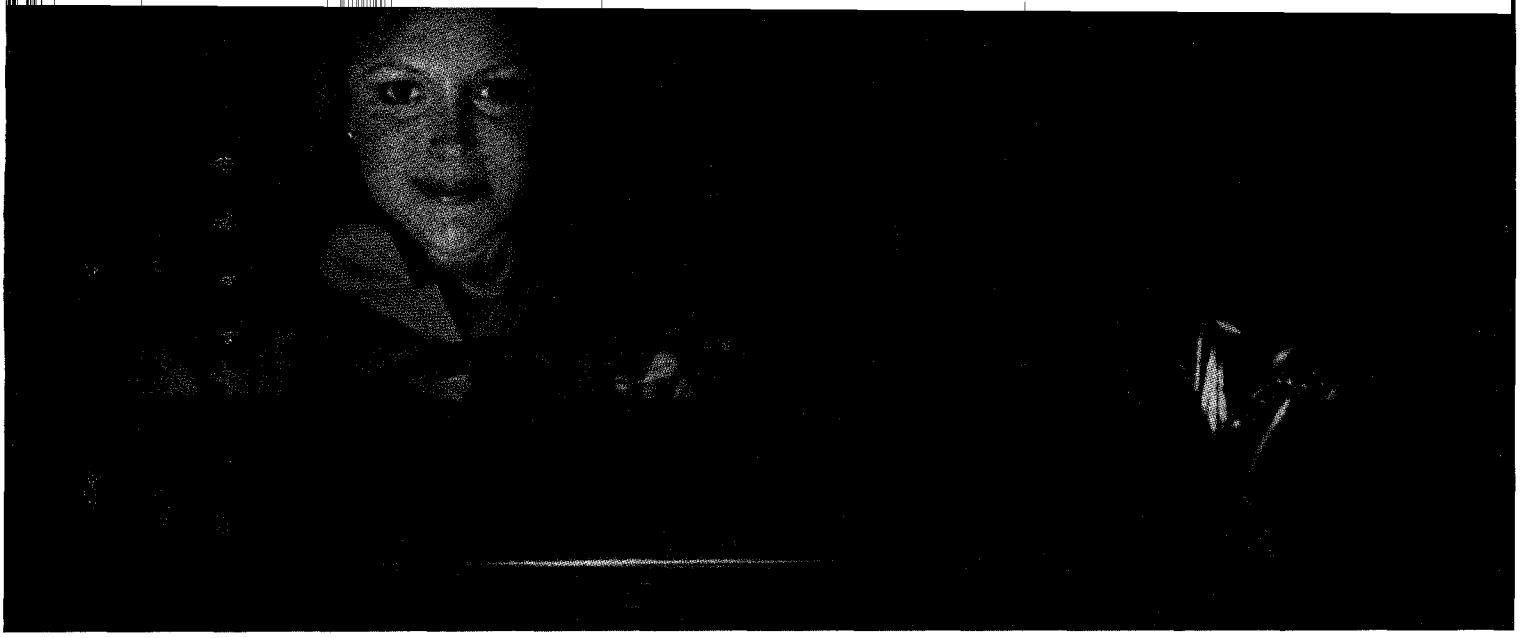

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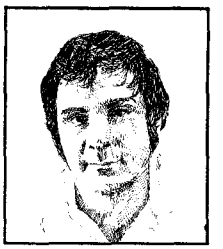

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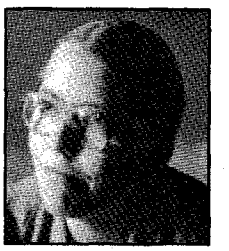

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Nuclear Morality

674 The Bishops Speak Out

The final text of the American bishops' pastoral letter is a highly refined—indeed metamorphosed—version of the earlier drafts. Credit goes to Cardinal Bernardin, who prevented a stampede, and to the Vatican, which insisted on more prudence and less gnosticism. The final text makes a number of key distinctions, and is far from the victory for the Left the Left has claimed. The hard part will be counteracting the Left's propaganda to this effect. *Michael Novak*

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At Williamsburg the President will move to keep energy-dependent Japan from becoming Soviet-dependent. *John McLaughlin*

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When you understand what really goes on at these "economic summits," you wonder if the President should go at all. *Tom Bethell*

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The reactions to reports of Soviet yellow rain suggest that liberals aren't equally skeptical toward *all* governments. *Michael A. Scully*

686 Is Ideology Useless?

Everyone has an ideology, conscious or otherwise. If otherwise, he will be incapacitated for dealing with an enemy that knows its own mind. Conservatives had better show the world not only an ideology but a utopia, too.
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

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Administration defenders faced some disgruntled conservatives at the Philadelphia Society, and Lew Lehrman waved a debauched dollar. *Jeffrey Hart*

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Letters

Dialectics

After reading the Walter Berns article, "The New Pacifism and World Government" [May 27], I would like to counter or question three points. First, Mr. Berns criticizes the new pacifists for using scare tactics to dramatize what they see as the inevitable consequence of the nuclear-arms race. To persuade people to support the arms race, don't conservatives also use fear as a tactic—the fear of Communism and the Gulag?

Second, Mr. Berns points out that the Western world is necessary for the existence of what little freedom there is in the Eastern-bloc countries, and he accuses pacifists of trying to wipe out this source of strength. Instead, I would fault both American and Russian activists with creating a dualism (U.S. *v.* USSR) out of a dialectic. Our world leaders try to eliminate their opposition not through unity but through rigid separation—through the development of a first-strike capability.

Third, this tendency to think in terms of dualism is consistent with our evangelical Judaeo-Christian nature. Mr. Berns correctly notes that "religious faith seems to unite men but to divide mankind." That is why such thinkers as Jacques Derrida and Norman O. Brown take Hegel in a different direction. They believe that there is no one answer, only the acceptance of difference and dissolution. Because of these thinkers, many pacifists are striving not for a "homogeneous" state, in which all people are the same, but rather one in which each person is different and revered as such.

Perhaps this is too chaotic a world for Mr. Berns. Perhaps it is too innocent. But at least, there might be room for both capitalism and Communism, activism and pacifism, Berns and Schell.

Jane Curry
Boston, Mass.

Concern and Sobran

Joseph Sobran on Elizabeth Drew ["Concern and Clergy," May 13]: "Has she ever taken a position strongly inconvenient to the Soviet Union? For that matter, has any liberal?"

Well, to name one, how about John Roche, frequent *NR* contributor, dedicated and effective anti-Communist, and fervent New Deal liberal on domestic questions?

I see Sobran's point, but I wish he wouldn't tar the old anti-Communist Left with the brush of the new "concerned" Left.

John O'Boyle
Chicago, Ill.

Brother Jack

The May 13 *NR* made my week with the letter ["Comments on 'Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age' "] from Homer A. Jack.

More than thirty years ago, when I began flirting with organized religion, I started my quest at All Souls Unitarian Church in Evanston, Dr. Homer A. Jack, pastor. (This for no doctrinal reason—the church happened to be across the street from where I lived.) As I recall, I lasted for three weeks, until that Sunday when the guest preacher turned out to be Corliss Lamont, and I bade farewell to New England theology. (I later discovered that if one accepts orthodox Christianity, one must believe all sorts of difficult things about God. If one accepts liberal Christianity, one must believe all sorts of impossible things about men.)

Through the years I have followed Brother Jack's maunderings with interest. My favorite episode occurred when I was in seminary, and the local newspaper announced that for its Christmas service, the Unitarian church would feature "Christmas carols, readings from the Jewish festival of Hannukah, and portions from the ancient Hindu feast of Dhibali." My roommate wrote Dr. Jack to say that he had access to a horned helmet and would volunteer to play Wotan, but he never received a reply.

Anyway, it's nice to know that the old gasbag remains unchanged, and in his right place: the World Conference on Religion and Peace. With, I suspect, more Peace than Religion.

To learn, on the same page, that there is a gent in Chicago named Hiawatha Bray was an added bonus.

Sheldon M. Smith
Valley Forge, Pa.

Pot Shots?

You have done a grave disservice to your readers. Your "Pot-Talk: Is Decriminalization Advisable?" by Richard Vigilante and Richard C. Cowan [April 29] maintained the impression that moderate or "social" marijuana use is harmless, particularly with adults or intellectual types.

M-DART's [the Maryland Drug Abuse Research and Treatment Foundation] twenty-year study of drug abuse indicates that this belief is false, and that the greatest harm to society is done by these folks. Cannabis causes a brain syndrome and/or a thought disorder that usually develops slowly, subtly, and insidiously. It can result in unusual, weird, even bizarre behavior. Attitudes and perspectives are changed, to the point of irrationality.

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The incidence of this cannabis syndrome in education, journalism, politics, etc. may shorten our days as a free society. Would you like several hundred prominent names?

A. V. Miliman
Director, M-DART
Baltimore, Md.

Running a piece on the pros and cons of marijuana is about the equivalent of having an even-handed discussion on the pros and cons of infanticide.

Don't tell me about marijuana. I smoked the stuff, plus hash, plus kief. At the time I took up that habit, I had been reading a book, *The Double Helix*, by Watson and Crick. This was back in 1969. Shortly after beginning to smoke marijuana et al., I could no longer follow what Watson and Crick were saying. I could not even understand that there was any significance to what they were saying. My husband describes me during that phase of my life: it was as if another person had entered my body. And I had absolutely no perception of what was happening to me.

Even in the state I was in, I was not quite sure that marijuana was completely harmless. The Nixon report said it was. But then, there was a doctor who had written an article describing his studies of Greek marijuana smokers, who had used it for twenty years or more. In his opinion, having spent 18 months in Greece, observing them, twenty years of pot is the equivalent of a prefrontal lobotomy. His impassioned solitary plea carried more weight with me than the verdict of the Nixon committee. I swore off.

It was a long, slow recovery. After 11 months smoke-free, my business sense returned. After 13 months, my interest in science returned, and I finished *The Double Helix*, understanding once again just how important that work is. By now, it is as if nothing had ever happened.

Send away to the University of California at Berkeley for research done on marijuana by Hardin Jones. Suspecting that something was wrong with this harmless pleasure, he began to investigate, doing biopsies of living human brains. Comparing the brain cells thus retrieved from both pot users and non-users, he discovered that the brain-cell membranes of pot users are thickly impregnated with THC, making them appear opaque, while the brain cells of non-users are translucent to transparent. Obviously, this clogging of the brain-cell membrane interferes with the metabolism of each brain cell. Oxygen and nutrients cannot get into that brain cell easily, nor can waste products escape. After three years or so of this continuous suffocation, brain cells of pot users begin to die off, forever.

If you want to wait tables or chop sugar cane, marijuana is a harmless pleasure. If you want to be a creative mathematician or scientist or even a businessman or businesswoman, marijuana is one of the most deadly substances available.

Barbara Noonan
Littleton, Colo.

Consistency

In your latest editorial section you attack Israel for being intransigent in blocking Reagan's peace efforts ["Opportunities—Arafat's, Begin's, Ours," May 13]. Yet in another part of the world, El Salvador, you support the government in its refusal to negotiate with its guerrilla enemy. In both cases negotiation is an illusory option because one side will only use it as another means toward total victory.

The option of negotiating with King Hussein of Jordan was torpedoed by Hussein himself, who refused to negotiate for the Palestinians. Since the only alternative seems to be the PLO, Israel has as much reason not to negotiate as El Salvador has.

Nesha Rothfield
New York, N.Y.

The EPA on Track

Your April 15 "Letter from Washington" claimed that the "Natural Resources De-

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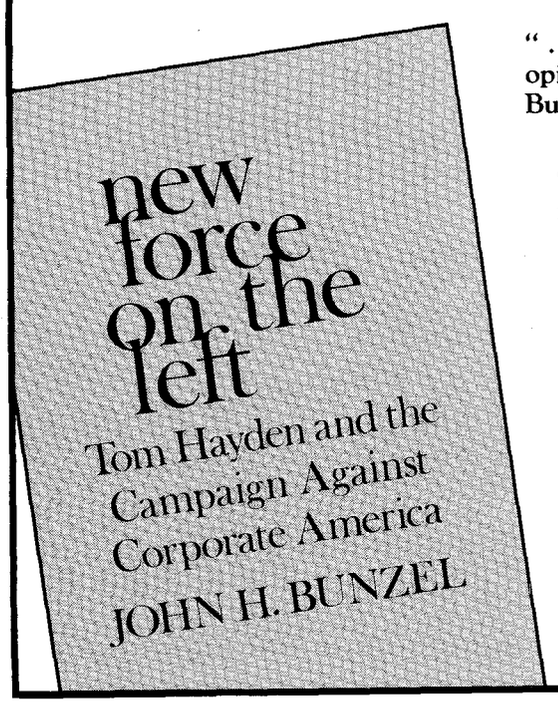

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fense Council, . . . which led the charge against Mrs. Burford, did not disclose that the main reason for its ardor was that she had denied it more than $1 million in federal funding . . ." Your facts and your inferences are wrong.

The fact is, on January 21, 1981 the EPA awarded the NRDC a citizen-education grant for more than $1 million to address water-pollution issues in three regions of the country. Far from freezing environmental organizations out of federal funding, Mrs. Burford's EPA supported the NRDC's endeavors for more than two years, as we conducted one of the most effective training programs of its kind. With the EPA's assistance, we have helped many hundreds of organizations and individuals to understand and participate in clean-water permit decisions that affect their health and environment.

Mrs. Burford's regulatory and budgetary decisions of the past two years are reason enough to be alarmed at this Administration's environmental policies, as the widespread public and congressional outcry surely demonstrates. The question now is whether Mr. Ruckelshaus will exercise the independence and good sense required to get the EPA back on track. We certainly hope he will.

J. Taylor Banks
Natural Resources Defense Council
Washington, D.C.

Richer/Poorer

James Buckley ["Letters," April 29] criticizes a recent editorial ["Can Indexing Be Saved?" March 4] for stating that the indexation of the income tax provides its greatest benefits to the middle class. Instead, he says, the poor benefit most. The difference is really a matter of interpretation.

Bracket creep does stick the poor with the largest percentage increase in income-tax burden. In fact, for people whose incomes had been below the taxable level, the percentage can be infinite, if they have to pay income tax for the first time. But the actual dollar amount it takes is smaller, as a share of the poor person's income, than what it takes from middle-class taxpayers as a share of *their* income. According to National Taxpayers Union figures, three years of bracket creep will increase the taxes of a $10,000-income family by $96, which is 26.5 per cent of its tax burden, but less than 1 per cent of its income. At the $50,000 level, the tax increase is $1,255, which is only 15.4 per cent of the family's tax burden but more than 2 per cent of its income.

As Buckley correctly notes, the genuinely rich will be harmed much less than either the poor or the middle class because they are already in the highest brackets.

Walter Olson
Washington, D.C.

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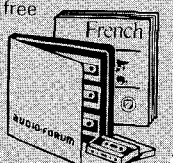

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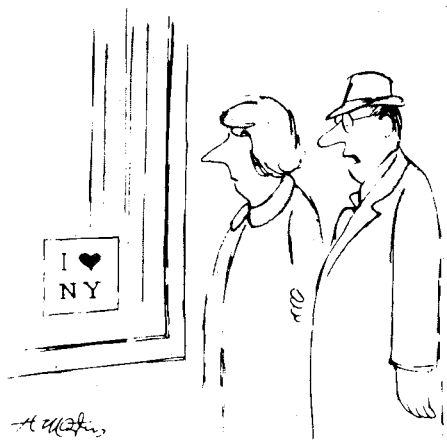
FOR THE RECORD

■ So what do the smart guys think of **Fritz Mondale**'s slight slump in the polls? **Kevin Phillips**: Mondale is in no danger from **John Glenn** unless **Jesse Jackson** gets into the race. One recent poll showed Jackson getting 9 per cent of the Democratic vote in a Jackson-Mondale-Glenn match-up. Says the *Washington Post*'s **David Broder**: Mondale is vulnerable because the Democratic pols—his main supporters right now—are so anxious for a win they'll dump him "the minute it seems he can't win the nomination." The *Post*'s **Robert Kaiser** believes that Mondale "just doesn't have what it takes to win the Presidency." While Glenn "does well in the polls," Kaiser adds, Democratic insiders predict with surprising unanimity that "he'll be the **George Romney** of this campaign." . . . **Hamilton Jordan** thinks it would be a mistake for Mondale to take AFL-CIO endorsement he will probably be offered by **Lane Kirkland** come December. He should tell Kirkland: I want labor's help, but not the endorsement. . . . The endorsement will not be all that valuable, according to recent *New York Times*/CBS poll, which found that only 9 per cent of Americans would be swayed by labor's endorsement to vote for a particular candidate; 21 per cent would be "less likely" to vote for such a candidate; 64 per cent said it would make no difference. . . . Democratic analyst **Alan Baron** suggests that no matter what New York Gov. **Mario Cuomo** says about not being interested in the brass ring, he has a) hired ex-**Moynihan** AA **Tim Ruppert** to head top political staff and b) established close links with Democratic pollster **Patrick Caddell**. . . . Syndicated columnists **Germond** and **Witcover** report that **John Anderson** has started serious fundraising operations in preparation for another third-party bid.



Martin, *Punch* Rothco

"What the hell is 'I heart N.Y.' supposed to mean? I see it everywhere."

■ Some wins and losses in the **Reagan** Administration's record: "The great Reagan tax cut," says Sen. **Bill Armstrong**, was hardly that. Sixty-eight per cent of it has been eaten up by new taxes and Social Security hikes. . . . Reagan's "inhuman" budget is hardly that either, says Rep. **Gerry Solomon** (R., N.Y.). In fiscal 1984, the government will spend $6,500 for every "elderly, poor, or unemployed" individual. . . . On the plus side: Federal aid to state and local governments was down last year for the first time in 27 years. (It rose from $3.2 billion in 1955 to $94.8 billion in 1981.) . . . And Research Triangle Institute reports that only 15 per cent of those purged from welfare rolls in Reagan's much-criticized welfare-reform amendments of 1981 had returned to the rolls a year later. . . . Rather surprisingly—to listen to the evening news is to understand that everyone in America loathes the President—recent polls show that 40 per cent of union members support Mr. Reagan, down only 6 per cent from the labor vote he got in 1980. Says the *Washington Post*'s **Lou Cannon**: "despite joblessness and the fairness issue, don't bet that Reagan won't be strong again among blue-collar voters in '84." . . . If Reagan decides not to run in '84, the favorite of *Conservative Digest* readers is **Jack Kemp**. The *Digest*'s presidential poll gave Kemp 34 per cent to 25 for **Jesse Helms**, 13 for Rep. **Philip Crane**, 4 for **George Bush**.

■ A well-deserved put-down by **Zbigniew Brzezinski** on the freeze front. "The freeze is a hoax being perpetrated on well-meaning people," Brzezinski told *Christian Science Monitor* editor **Godfrey Sperling** the other day. "It is essentially like passing a resolution saying, 'We are in favor of eliminating poverty.'" . . . The movement means come home again to some of the old-time lefties. **Linus Pauling**, speaking at Stanford, advocates "instituting a nuclear freeze by ourselves," because "the Soviet people are much more eager [than the Americans, apparently] to have peace." . . . Amherst College has set up a **Corliss Lamont** Lectureship for a Peaceful World with a gift of $150,000 from Lamont. . . . **Jerry Falwell**'s Moral Majority is on an anti-freeze crusade, and communications director **Cal Thomas** says the mailings are going very well: "We've added categories of people who have never written to us before." . . . The Colorado Conservative Union is holding big conference on June 11 to offer alternatives to the freeze. Speakers include: Gen. **Daniel Graham**; Gen. **John Singlaub**; Rep. **Larry McDonald**; **John Rees**, the intelligence expert; and Prof. **Petr Beckmann**, the nuclear-power expert.

■ Going the rounds in Great Britain, the comment by one disgruntled Laborite that the party's 15,000-word radical platform, "New Hope for England," is "the longest suicide note in history."

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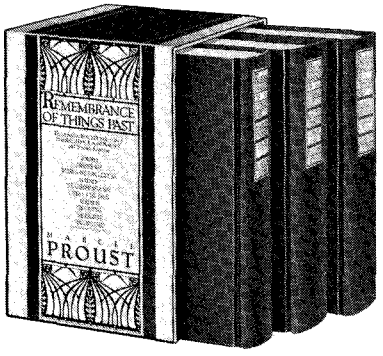

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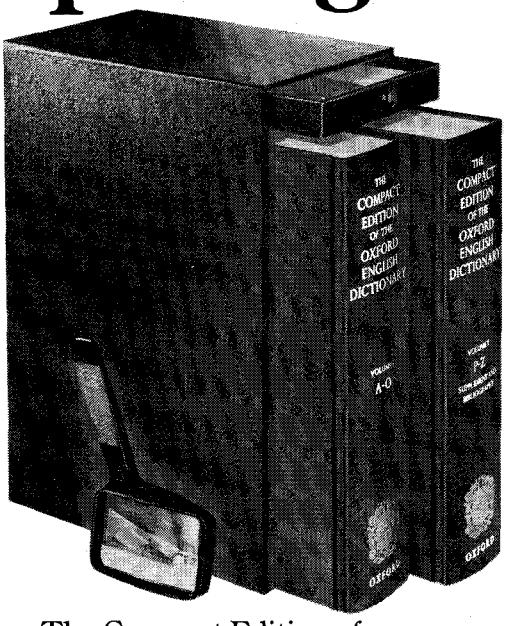

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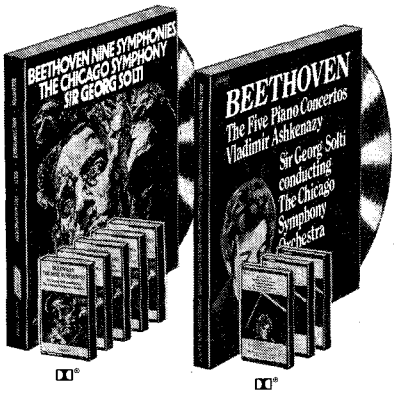
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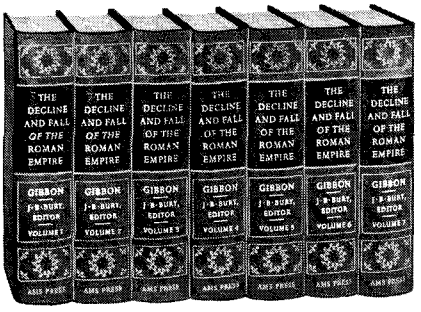

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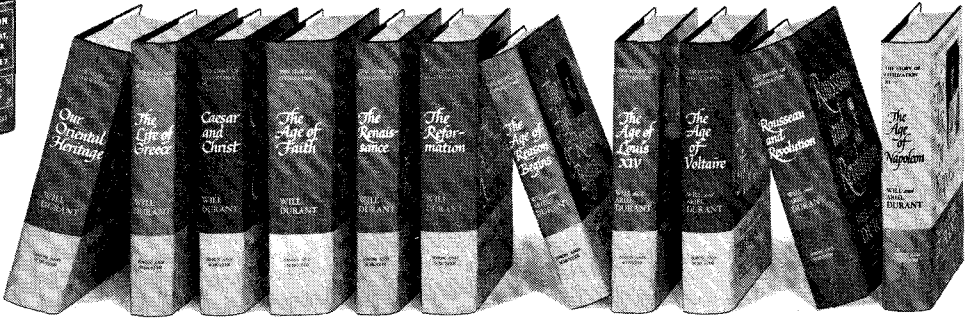

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THE WEEK

■ *François Mitterrand n'est pas . . . comment dit-on* "chutzpah-impaired" *en français?* On the eve of Williamsburg, he joined Olof Palme, Andreas Papandreou, and four other socialist honchos in calling on the United States to get its economic house in order. Through his Prime Minister, Pierre Mauroy, he called France's current recession "the crisis of a system that is not ours—it is the crisis of the capitalist system." The real problem, it seems, is the U.S. budget deficit. It has caused high interest rates and an excessively muscular dollar. The American wit William Safire comments: "After years of blaming his recession on our recession, he is now blaming his recession on our recovery." A French translation should be forwarded to President Mitterrand. *N'est-ce pas?*

■ By a vote of 8 to 1, William Rehnquist dissenting, the Supreme Court has now ruled that private schools are ineligible for tax-exempt status if they practice racial discrimination. This decision involves profound issues both legal and philosophical, and they go far beyond the immediate matter of racially discriminatory practices. One such issue might be termed the status of the tax dollar. To what extent does the Federal Government "own" that dollar, which, after all, it did not generate? Where are the limits, if any, on the government's power to dispose of that dollar in the pursuit of social policy? In numerous cases before the courts, it has been argued, sometimes successfully, that racial "imbalance" is presumptive proof of racial discrimination. Will quotas soon be a prerequisite for a school's tax-exemption? Will Ivy League colleges that practice reverse discrimination—i.e., that discriminate against whites—lose their tax privileges?

■ Conservative morale in Washington rose perceptibly when President Reagan announced that he would veto any near-term tax increase Congress might pass. Spirits rose even further when the Heritage Foundation released the results of a Sindlinger poll showing the public solidly behind Reagan's position on the tax issue. A clear majority of the public wants to retain indexing and the third-year tax cut, and pluralities believe that taking away either one would harm the economy. Most striking and most important of all, support for the Reagan tax policy is greatest in the lower income brackets. Above $50,000 a year, 50.9 per cent want to keep indexing; below $15,000, the percentage is 64.8. On the third year, 32.8 per cent of the most affluent support the cut, compared to 64.1 per cent of the poorest. "If anything," Heritage says, "Reaganomics is a boon for the little guy—and the little guy seems to know it."

■ Mr. Robert McNamara, author, and Mr. Cyrus Vance, publisher, of America's long military decline, have announced their displeasure with the MX missile, which, they say, would add nothing to our strength and is not needed, or maybe the other way around, and if that isn't a convincer for building twice as many MX missiles, what is?

■ The London bookies are quoting 6 to 1 in favor of the Conservatives in Britain's June 9 election. It figures. Even if each voter were to vote as he did in 1979, the Tories would pick up 21 seats and Labor would drop nine thanks to redistricting that reflects the movement of a growing middle class to the suburbs. The Tory platform calls for more democracy in labor unions (through secret ballots for elections and strike votes, and periodic election of the leadership), less intervention in borough and district councils, lower income taxes, and continued struggle against inflation (4 per cent now, down from 22 when Margaret Thatcher took office). Labor, trailing by 15 points in the polls, calls for the usual wild stew of disarmament, assaults on private property, and encouragement of regional unrest. The Liberals, in coalition with the Social Democrats, hope to carve a swing vote out of those who feel like abandoning Mrs. Thatcher but can't go all the way to the funny farm with Michael Foot and Labor. Their hopes were soured by the recent and unexpected defeat of the Social Democrats in Austria. The Tories, thinking Labor's manifesto to be the hottest ammunition against Labor itself, have ordered a thousand copies —the largest print order so far. Six to one looks like easy money.

■ How about a serious analysis of political indignation, how it is generated and how it is sustained? "*Washington*, May 20—The United States accused the Soviet Union today of killing hundreds and probably thousands of Afghan civilians in a series of bombing

Tremors in Mondaleland

First, the *Times* of L.A., in a shocker,
Made it Glenn by the tiniest nose;
Then confirming statistics from Gallup
Had the regulars popping Compoz.
For the record, no voices got squeaky,
Nor did spokespersons fight for control.
Besides, Mondale is partial to Harris
For advice when the bell starts to toll.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

They know that they're not supposed to be doing this, because it's "too early," but the pols in town can talk about only one thing these days: the polls, and the ominous slippage of Walter Mondale vis-à-vis John Glenn. Question: In a match-up with Ronald Reagan, who gets the bigger vote, Glenn or Mondale? Answer: Glenn. Gallup says that in a Glenn/Reagan contest, Glenn pulls 54 per cent, Reagan 37 per cent—a 17-point Glenn spread. In a Mondale/Reagan face-off, Mondale draws 49 per cent, Reagan 43 per cent, for a six-point Mondale spread, thus making Glenn, against Reagan, three times as strong as Mondale—a turnabout in public opinion that has riveted the curiosity of Washington's political haruspices.

The politicians feel a little dumb, as I say, talking so much about this, because (they will remind you) the general election is almost a year and a half away. Rank-and-file voters know little about the two Democratic candidates other than that Fritz was Vice President under Carter, and John Glenn was an astronaut. Support at this point for either candidate is hardly committed.

With these ritual caveats out of the way, the politicians return to the polls like jackals to flesh. There are now four polls in a row, all showing the same Glenn-gaining-on-Fritz trend—the one cited, a second by David Garth (Penn Schoen), a third by the *Los Angeles Times*, and a fourth by Gallup. Mondale remains essentially static, whereas Glenn continues climbing. This is not, say the pols, due to Glenn's having done anything, really, to deserve the shift, but rather to growing reservations about Fritz.

Glenn may have the Rockefeller syndrome, some say. Rockefeller would run ahead of Nixon, Johnson, and others until he got out on the big track. Then everybody would say, "Oh, it's only Rocky again." But Glenn has none of Rocky's negatives: everybody likes Glenn and, in this respect, he resembles Reagan, transcending issues. Glenn is the right stuff, a real man. Fritz is a quiche-eater, soft at the center, with two public connections that cling to him like leeches: the tie to Jimmy Carter, and the tie to left-wing constituencies. Jesse Jackson's candidacy hurts Mondale, too. When you add Jesse to the polling data, he siphons off 5 to 10 per cent of Fritz's support.

Whether the crisis for Mondale is micro or macro remains to be seen, but it is certainly not good news. While it is true that Fritz himself is not slipping, he nevertheless appears to be, because of the Glenn movement, and that's the rub. Mondale has got to hold his own for the summer, or his trouble will be real. The AFL-CIO was ready to endorse Mondale in December, but now one hears talk that the union pols in Washington are looking at the polls and wondering, "Hey, are we getting on a loser's bandwagon?" Tinkering with the Mondale strategy won't help. He must run as the establishment candidate.

The President meanwhile is vaulting in the polls. In a *Washington Post*/ABC survey, the public's rating of the President's handling of his job rebounded to its highest level in 18 months, with 53 per cent of the voters approving, and 42 per cent disapproving—a stunning reversal (almost exact) of January's figures. Clearly, as the economy improves, the President's standing improves with it. Delighted with this, the White House cares little that Mondale and Glenn both lead Reagan in polling match-ups, since neither Democratic candidate has put forth his public-policy positions, which should make both of them vulnerable to a Reagan counterattack.

Mr. Reagan's poll surge has probably instigated much of the political invective that Jim Wright and Tip O'Neill have heaped on him of late, notably Wright's comment, "He's the biggest alibi artist ever to serve in the White House." With the prospect of recovery pulling the chair out from under their political fundament, panic is setting in among the liberals. The Democratic leadership is also vexed because Mr. Reagan is once again, at last, setting the national agenda.

The President's latest cyclical leadership thrust began with a high-energy and probing speech (written by Mr. Reagan with the help of a gifted, young White House speechwriter, Mari Maseng) to the National Association of Home Builders, in which the President laid it on the line rhetorically, but also took a substantive look at revenue proposals of the Democratic Study Group in the House that embody horrific new taxes to finance a herniated spending spree.

The confrontational attitude struck by the President in that address, and in a subsequent one by Ed Meese, is an unwonted but welcome flat-footed denial that the President was planning $45 billion in fresh taxes come January 1, 1985, as White House aides had leaked. The only question now is whether the President will pull back from this sort of leadership, as he has sporadically done at the urging of certain nervous-nellie advisors who, while correctly pushing the political virtues of the olive branch, incorrectly ignore the need for the lash.

—CATO

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raids in Afghanistan in recent weeks. In one of the harshest statements issued by the State Department about Soviet actions, John Hughes, the spokesman, said the ruthlessness of the raids in and around the city of Herat, and north and west of the capital, Kabul, were 'intolerable by any standard of civilized behavior.' " Duly reported, this has had little resonance. No one is painting the equivalent of *Guernica*. Costa-Gavras is not planning a film about Afghanistan, though plenty of people are "missing" there. The American campus is more interested in removing college funds from South Africa. Congress is more worried about human-rights violations in El Salvador. The Catholic bishops are silent (Rolf Hochhuth, call your office). It's called Selective Indignation.

■ It's one year later, and all systems are go for the *Washington Times*, which has upward of 126,000 readers (112,000 home delivery) and has carved out a place for itself—sharply to the right of the *Washington Post*—in the nation's capital. The paper is run by professionals—Editor and Publisher James Whelan, Executive Editor Smith Hempstone, Editorial Page Editor Anne Crutcher—who daily turn out a slick, innovative, news-filled paper that has won an acceptance that would have seemed impossible a year ago

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given the *Times*'s funding by Reverend Moon's Unification Church. The *New York Times* calls it "a major forum for conservative ideas," the *Columbia Journalism Review* says it already ranks among the "top 15 to twenty papers in the country." More than anywhere else in the nation, Washington should be a two-paper town. Right now it looks as if it's going to stay that way.

■ Why is it that literary prizes are so often handed to undeservers—or at least to deservers who adhere to the progressive orthodoxies? Ah, but bewail it no more: the Ingersoll Foundation, in conjunction with the Rockford Institute, has announced plans to award annual prizes to writers outside the liberal-socialist network. "The prizes," the foundation says, "will be the T. S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing and the Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters, each in the amount of $15,000." They are aimed to "reward high talent that has not found favor in the reigning cultural climate, and bring to public notice works worthy of wider attention." More information can be obtained from the Ingersoll Foundation, 934 North Main Street, Rockford, Ill. 61103.

■ Bob Hope is—can it be?—eighty, and he says he still intends to stay around a while: "I don't want my kids to write a book about me." Bang. There. The original Hope wit: swift, tart, genial. He is the great WASP wag, full of a convivial naughtiness that respects the proprieties even while it tweaks them, irreverent, but never malicious. His understated patriotism has been logged in the oceans and continents he has crossed taking American humor to Americans in uniform. (We particularly treasure this 1971 sample: "Chou En-lai took Nixon for a cruise in his private yacht—the *Pueblo*.") We'd thank him for the memories, but there are still, we trust, many more to come.

■ What were Vladimir Bukovsky (Soviet dissident), Robert Conquest (British historian), Armando Valladares (Cuban poet), and Simone Weil (French politician) doing together in Paris the other day? They were setting up Resistance International, a united front to resist totalitarian regimes. What the West should be commemorating, says Bukovsky, are the days of shame; for instance, 1983 is the tenth anniversary of the Treaty of Paris, which led to the enslavement of South Vietnam; it is the fifth anniversary of the bloody coup in Kabul that brought on the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Simone Weil would like to see the Jewish community worry about all Soviet citizens who want to emigrate, not only the Soviet Jews. Valladares wants to know where the press was when Cuban authorities cracked down on fifty Cuban workers who tried to form a Solidarity-style trade union in Castroland, tortured many of them, and sentenced five to death. Those are the kinds of things Resistance International plans to talk about.

■ CORRECTION: In our issue of May 27, the editorial "Protecting the Word 'Marxist'" mistakenly attributes articles published in the British *Daily Worker* to Stephen Jay Gould. The review being examined (*N.Y. Times Book Review*, May 8) said of the articles in question that they were written by the British biologist, and Communist, J. B. S. Haldane. Our apologies to Mr. Gould. —ED.

■ Dear Ann Landers: Do you remember how we were all supposed to hope for the downfall of Somoza in Nicaragua? Why can't we hope for the downfall of the Sandinistas in Nicaragua? Confused

Williamsburg

Among nations, as among individuals, an argument about money is usually an argument about other things, fought out in terms of money. The "monetary" conference in Virginia disguises a cluster of conflicts that have less to do with money than with great philosophical divisions.

Take the problem of "Third World" debts. These represent loans encouraged or even guaranteed by governments of industrial countries for the export of goods to regimes mainly socialistic, corrupt, or both. To haggle over repayment schedules is to avoid the deeper questions: Should Western governments subsidize their exports, and should they subsidize their philosophical opponents?

The question of "protectionism" will keep coming up in all its thousand forms, and yet the basic question may be clearly stated: Who is to decide how the goods get to market—bureaucrats or customers?

Strategy and geopolitics lurk beneath these discussions, too, and here the supreme law of politics (*salus populi*) properly takes precedence over the subordinate claims of laissez-faire. It would be correct to encourage trading patterns with present and potential military allies (see "From Washington Straight," p. 672) even if this policy should alter an organic economic pattern.

Strategy, again, requires an estimate of the seriousness of the Soviet military challenge. If most of the leaders of the Western nations find it convenient to pretend either that there is no Soviet challenge or that, if there is, the U.S. will handle it all alone, then as a superficial matter there will be a discussion of the relative portions of GNPs spent on military hardware, but the fundamental problem will remain a perhaps fatal failure to recognize the field of operations.

The IMF's strictures on debtor nations, and the

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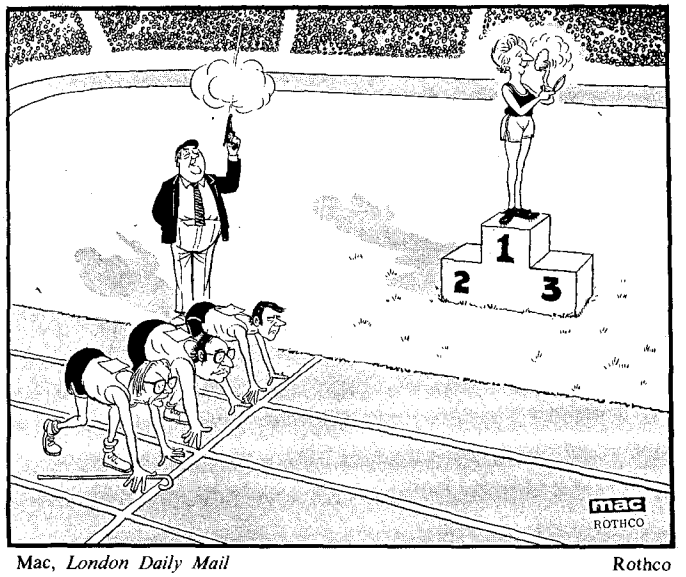

Mac, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

". . . Go!"

increased burdens of military spending, may trigger social explosions in unstable non-totalitarian regimes. The question will arise whether the West can "afford" to bail itself out of debt, or arm itself against attack, in the face of angry mobs of citizens. The more fundamental question, one that is almost taboo, is whether "democracy" as it has evolved in an age of universal electronic propaganda beamed at a substantially illiterate electorate, can be counted on to fight for its life.

Finally, "inflation" occupies stage center as the monetary question supreme. One must be thankful that the finance ministers have at least ceased speaking of inflation as if it were an act of God; they now blame governmental policy for it—not their own government, of course, but always some foreign one (upriver from Williamsburg at the moment). The discussions swirl around governmental policy, but the underlying question will not go away: Is the monetary system to be established by "policy," which in turn means the Federal Reserve Board? In which case, as Germany's Otmar Emminger has said, the world will be on "a Volcker standard," until Volcker is replaced, by nobody knows whom, with what standard, if any? Way down deep, the question is whether the world will stick with paper, or crank up a new monetary system tied to gold.

A Rose for Fidel

The great virtue of the Reagan Administration has been to call things by correct and accurate names. Here and there actions have been delayed, or fumbled, or compromised pre-emptively. But Reagan has shown a master's gift for using the proper terms, and so shifting the terms of the debate.

The President's speech to the Cuban-American National Foundation in Miami was his most recent taxonomic success. A fortnight earlier, he had addressed Congress and the nation on the situation in Central America, outlining the problem and proposing a program for dealing with it. In Miami, he zeroed in on the instigators.

"Today a new colonialism threatens the Americas. Insurgents, armed and directed by a faraway power, seek to impose a philosophy that is alien to everything in which we believe and goes against our birthright. Wherever put into practice, it has brought repression and human deprivation. There is no clearer example of this than Cuba."

There followed the damning catalogue—damning, because true—of the features of Castro's island prison, his "new fascist regime": the labor movement, destroyed; the church, suppressed; free speech and the free press, "stamped into the ground"; the youth of the country, bleeding in African adventures; the economy, "a grotesque joke." This is the society fashioned to incarnate the rhetoric and support the power of an aging dictator; which a generation of fatuous intellectuals has admired (to be sure, mainly from afar); and which now seeks to reproduce itself, by subversion and war, all along our southern flank. Reagan's audience knows the truth from bitter experience. Reagan has deduced it from observation and common sense. He has Castro's number, and he called it.

Reagan iterated the proposals he had made to Congress, to support Castro's targets in Central America, and renewed his call for congressional funding of Radio Martí, the better to present Castro's record to his gagged and blinded people. He closed with a peroration from Theodore Roosevelt. "We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men."

TASS attacked the speech.

Lying and Cheating, Department Of

Though the usual defenders of the people's right to know have been stunningly silent, a large body of evidence suggests that the Soviet Union has been violating both SALT treaties. Last month Senator James McClure (R., Idaho) provided his Senate colleagues with a detailed analysis of Soviet actions.

1. There is an "open-and-shut case," Senator McClure asserted, that the "Soviets are violating the most important provisions of the SALT II treaty . . . by flight-testing *two* new types of ICBMs." (Under the treaty, each side can only flight-test one new ICBM.)

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2. The United States now has "95 per cent confidence" that the Soviet Union has violated the 150-kiloton limit of the Threshold Test Ban Treaty (TTBT) by testing nuclear weapons at militarily significant levels of 250 kilotons and above. All American attempts to achieve enhanced verification of the TTBT have been rebuffed by the Soviets.

3. The Soviets probably have—"by careful conservative estimate, derived from unclassified government information"—one thousand to two thousand "extra" ICBMs, carrying two thousand to four thousand warheads. This estimate could be overly conservative, thanks to Soviet concealment, but whatever the number, none of these ICBMs is counted at all in the SALT II treaty. According to the Defense Department and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, these "extra" ICBMs either violate or circumvent the SALT II treaty in 11 significant provisions.

4. In violation of the SALT I ABM treaty, the Soviets have developed a nationwide ABM defense consisting of ABM battle-management radar, three types of surface-to-air missiles for use with ABM defense, and a new mobile ABM in mass production.

After compiling all the evidence, Senator McClure concludes: "The Soviets are breaking out of both the SALT II treaty and the SALT I ABM treaty."

For those who believe the Soviets would somehow be brought to heel by another arms treaty, McClure ended his speech with a fascinating revelation culled from *Inside the Soviet Army*, by Viktor Suvorov, a Soviet defector. Suvorov discloses the existence of a Soviet organization hitherto unknown in the West: the Chief Directorate of Strategic Deception. It is this military group—the highest in the Soviet general staff—that has responsibility for SALT negotiations and compliance.

Aliens and Paperwork

The Simpson-Mazzoli bill, which addresses itself to the problem of illegal aliens and which passed the Senate by a huge (76 to 18) margin two weeks ago, attacks the problem from what might be called the demand side: by imposing penalties on employers who knowingly hire illegal aliens. That is the only side, realistically, from which the problem can be attacked. It is beyond our power to make the countries from which the immigrants come prosperous; equally beyond our power, given the length of our southern border and coast, to stanch completely the incoming flow.

The measure is just, as well as necessary. Businessmen complain of the burden of paperwork that would be laid upon them. So it would. Conservatives typically sympathize with the paperwork complaint, but not because they deny the government's right to require it, given a compelling national interest; rather, because the national interests routinely invoked tend to be less than compelling—the quota of the month, the regulation of the second.

Immigration is in a different category. We support the Solomon amendment, which would require colleges receiving federal aid to withhold said aid from students who have failed to register for the draft. Simpson-Mazzoli is generically similar. Both bills seek private cooperation in the most basic public concern, defining and securing our society: Who defends America? Who is America? The terms of the employer requirement have yet to be worked out by both Houses of Congress. But the principle is sound.

Owning Up

Representative J. J. Pickle (D., Tex.), chairman of the Social Security Subcommittee, has a letter in the May 17 *Wall Street Journal* in which he argues that the federally guaranteed Social Security system "is the only totally secure retirement program one can have." Privately insured plans, he explains, can go bankrupt, and "all else depends on luck, whim, and personal economic fortune." And don't believe what you hear about inflation's having been brought under control. Quite to the contrary, it will wipe out every private pension plan: "Promises of a million dollars in the bank thirty years from now will be little more than a pittance under normal projections of inflation and economic growth."

Mr. Pickle is not alone. A majority of his colleagues in the House foresee the same inflation and have every intention of seeing that the government gets its unholy profits from it. Hence the powerful move to repeal the "indexing" provision of the tax law, which, starting in 1985, would protect lower- and middle-income taxpayers from unlegislated increases in their tax brackets, and deprive the big spenders of their unlegislated "revenue enhancement." All of which may explain why Uncle Sam is finding it difficult to peddle thirty-year bonds.

Unlikely Dove-Hunter

Canada's Pierre Trudeau has devoted much public musing time to pandering to the anti-Americanism that permeates his nation's dovecotes. On a trip to Russia he publicly confided to Brezhnev that the U.S. was the greatest threat to Canadian independence. He has frequently remarked on his admiration for Castro. Only the day before his recent Washington trip, he denounced American "meddling" in Central America.

But suddenly last week Trudeau issued an open letter to every newspaper in the country. It was a stinging rebuke of the large-scale protests against U.S. testing of the cruise missile on Canadian soil. Noting

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Mitterrand at Williamsburg

He'll say it isn't apropos
Comparing France with Mexico,
  Although both tried
To raid the public trough, until
The body politic got ill
  And nearly died.

W. H. VON DREELE

the double standard of the peace movement, Trudeau called it "anti-American hypocrisy" to battle the cruise while ignoring the large-scale Soviet deployment of SS-20 missiles. The letter is long, logical, and tough: just what the doves least expected from him.

Trudeau's volte-face is a surprise to more than the Left. Coming so soon after his White House visit, it looks as if some sort of deal was made. The only clue is the post-meeting statement to the effect that Trudeau and Reagan were in "substantial agreement"—a phrase that has often meant substantial disagreement. Recently Reagan went to bat for the beleaguered Canadian forest industry, slapping down an attempt to impose countervailing duties on Canadian exports. His stand was much appreciated in Canada and may well have been an inducement for a friendly act. Writing-paper is a wood product.

Indira's Oscar

The real Gandhi was a bit of a turd, it seems. He let his wife die rather than permit doctors to give her a shot of penicillin. (He overcame his scruple against alien medicine shortly afterward, when his own life was at stake.) Far from being a foe of violence and racism, he organized an Indian brigade in South Africa to help put down a Zulu uprising. Proclaiming nonviolence, he repeatedly set the stage for bloodshed. In his personal relations he was unfailingly autocratic, capricious, self-absorbed, dogmatic. He was preoccupied with his own bowel movements and corresponded extensively on the subject.

First in a *Commentary* film review, now in a book called *The Gandhi Nobody Knows*, Richard Grenier completely debunks the myth of the saintly Gandhi shaping the identity of gentle, mystical India. What made this essay necessary, of course, was the recent film, which amounted—to quote Grenier—to a "paid political advertisement for the government of India." That government put up the money for the producer-director, Sir Richard Attenborough, and enjoyed the prerogative of controlling the script.

India certainly got its money's worth. The worshipful depiction of Gandhi himself was only part of a larger portrait in which the nation of which Sir Richard is a knight was shown as a bloody oppressor, and the filthy, superstitious, violent Hindu culture was in every way sanitized.

Apart from Ben Kingsley's superb starring performance, the film has no excellence to speak of. "Not boring" was about the highest critical praise it received. What is wonderful is that Hollywood, which has lately prided itself on iconoclasm, should bestow its highest honor on a piece of expensive propaganda, financed, shaped, and censored by one of the world's more ham-handed regimes. Maybe Sir Richard will be inspired to do a sequel about the present Indian leader, *Gandhi II*.

Hell No, We Won't Glow

Two social scientists, Stanley Rothman and S. Robert Lichter, have turned their attention to the nuclear-energy debate—specifically, to the attitudes of scientists and the media. Their results, published in *Public Opinion*, are well worth considering.

There is an impression (held, according to a 1982 Roper poll, by one in four Americans) that a majority of "energy experts" oppose the development of nuclear power. Not so, say Rothman & Lichter.

Working with a sample of scientists culled at random from a standard reference directory, Rothman & Lichter found that 53 per cent of the scientific community favored proceeding "rapidly" with nuclear power; 36 per cent wanted to proceed "slowly"; only 7 per cent wanted a halt, and a measly 3 per cent favored dismantlement. Scientists specializing in energy-related disciplines were even more determined—70 per cent wanted to go ahead rapidly—while nuclear scientists were the most gung-ho of all, 92 per cent favoring rapid development.

Would they want to live near the things? Over two-thirds of all the scientists polled—69 per cent—said yes; 80 per cent of the energy experts and 98 per cent of the nuclear experts had no objection.

What about soft energy? Eight per cent of the energy experts expected solar electricity to make a "moderate" contribution over the next twenty years; none of them expected it to make a "large" one; 45 per cent looked forward to a "large" contribution from nuclear power.

But aren't these the opinions of toadies—scientific hacks dependent on industry largesse? R&L found no significant distinction based on whether the expert in question worked for industry, government, or a university.

What they have found is an impressive and overwhelming mandate for nuclear power, from the people most apt to know something about it. When R&L questioned the media, however, the picture changed drastically.

"Key science journalists are far more skeptical of

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nuclear energy than are scientists. This is especially true of science journalists at major national media outlets, including the television networks, the *New York Times*, and the *Washington Post*." Non-specialized journalists were even more biased.

Why? R&L can't say definitively of course, but they did detect one pattern, and it is, surprise, political. "The more liberal the journalist, the more likely he is to oppose nuclear energy. . . . The best predictor of opposition to nuclear energy [among journalists] is the belief that American society is unjust."

Eric Hoffer, R I P

Eric Hoffer, who died in San Francisco on May 21, was a solitary figure, engrossed by ideas and history. He never attended a school of any kind, but he was one of America's most original thinkers. He was born in the Bronx, and he never traveled abroad, but he spoke in a rough German accent. His handwriting was untutored, but he emerged in his fifties as a polished and epigrammatic stylist. At his death his age was given as eighty, but in earlier years Hoffer had hinted at a birthdate of 1900.

His most famous book, *The True Believer*, was praised by Bertrand Russell. After its publication, in 1951, Hoffer became well known in America as the "longshoreman philosopher." President Johnson invited him to the White House in 1967, and President Reagan awarded him the Presidential Medal of Freedom this year. But, Hoffer told an interviewer in 1980, he was never accepted by the San Francisco literati, because he had praised America extravagantly.

The True Believer was about the collective fanaticism that inspires mass movements. Hoffer by contrast seemed to be the detached observer, the mild dispenser of homespun wisdom. In fact he was a passionate advocate of causes himself. Israel was one of his great passions (it was much on his mind in the past year). He defended capitalism as the only system that guaranteed an individual's right to be left alone.

America was another passion, and the Battle of Midway one of his favorite topics. "Oh, this is the strangest battle that ever happened," he told an interviewer in Oklahoma a few years ago. "The Americans who fought in that battle . . . didn't die for holy America, the holy cause. They fought because there was a job to do, and they did it—a bunch of hedonistic, gum-chewing Americans without any faith, without any skill, without anything, destroying the whole Jap bunch there. This is America's greatness, that ordinary people can accomplish extraordinary things in ordinary ways."

Descriptions of Hoffer's early years never quite come into focus. His parents were immigrants ("My father was a small-town atheist from Alsace"); his mother, carrying young Eric, fell down a flight of stairs. He went blind, she died, a governess appeared, he recovered his sight. When he was about twenty Hoffer traveled to Los Angeles. For the next twenty years he lived as an itinerant laborer, washing dishes, working in gold-mining camps, reading in public libraries, carrying Montaigne's *Essays* about in a rucksack.

These years are echoed in *The Ordeal of Change*, Hoffer's favorite among his own books. There he argues that the American West was settled not by heroes but by hoboes who had heroism thrust upon them by an environment far more hostile than they had imagined when they strayed into it. This undoubtedly reflected Hoffer's own view of the effect that years in the California desert had had on him. In 1943 he joined the San Francisco longshoremen under Harry Bridges.

Hoffer pretended that he didn't believe in God, but at meals he always asked someone to say grace. He utterly rejected the theory of evolution ("It's easier to believe in God"), and he never got over discovering the Bible for himself at the age of 27. On the last day of his life he struggled to his desk and wrote something that was hard to decipher about sin and redemption. (A collection of his recent writings, semi-autobiographical, will be published this fall under the title *Truth Imagined*.)

There was a sung Mass for him at San Francisco's Holy Redeemer Church. "He wouldn't have approved," said his long-time friend Lili Osborne. "But he knew that I would do it for him." Eric Hoffer was that rare American, the public figure with a strong distaste for the limelight. As a result he was underexposed, despite his success. His books, a small but distilled output, should last the longer as a result.

—T. BETHELL

Leonard E. Read, R I P

He dropped in on an editorial writer for the *New York Times*, introduced himself as general manager of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and said he was thinking of a wider platform from which to preach the virtues of free enterprise. He was looking for kindred spirits. In 1946, having raised the funds, he started the Foundation for Economic Education to find and develop more skilled expositors of the intertwined concepts of limited government, private property, and free markets.

The following year Friedrich Hayek, impressed by Read's action, called a conference at Vevey, Switzerland of some 43 libertarian writers, mainly economists, from half a dozen countries. From the U.S. there were ten, including Ludwig von Mises, Milton Friedman, George Stigler—and Leonard Read. That was the beginning of the still flourishing Mont Pélerin Society.

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That Old Gang of Mine

Gee, watching Lowell Weicker knee
That old party line,
I swear his daddy's got to be
A Guelph or Ghibelline.
Goodbye forever! If Weicker's a pal,
I'll take my chances with Frivolous Sal
(God bless her . . .).
Gee, but I'd give the world to see
That old poop resign.

W. H. VON DREELE

Some years later F. A. Harper, who had been working as an economist with Read's group, broke off to start the Institute for Humane Studies. Then Antony Fisher set up similar organizations in England, Canada, and, eventually, the United States. Manuel Ayau in Guatemala established his Universidad Francisco Marroquín. Other groups, in Latin America and around the world, have followed Read's example.

He produced not only living organizations but a constant stream of works—correspondence, seminars, articles, books. His 29 books, all variations on the great themes of liberty, capitalism, and their necessary moral foundations, may not all be remembered, but he did produce one essay ("I, Pencil") that it is safe to say will earn him immortality. In this, with his gift for simple lucid statement, he shows how the miracle of cooperation in free markets can produce an object, a simple lead pencil, that enfolds whole clusters of globe-circling technologies beyond the comprehension of any one mind.

He served as an aircraft rigger in the First World War, and like many who have labored long and hard he learned to savor the exquisite things—music, wine, and the best cuisines. Tall, spare, handsome, and affable, he used to promise his friends, "I'll keep going till I fall off my bicycle." As always, he was as good as his word. He put in a full day's work on May 13. The next day he was found dead, at the age of 84. For many thousands around the world a gentle monument has fallen. —H. HAZLITT

Temple Fielding, R I P

It was great sport for travelers who read Fielding to say such things as that Temple Fielding's book will only notice the Parthenon when it becomes a boarding house or restaurant—So what? we said, as did millions of other American travelers: If you want Inside Portuguese Culture you can read Sacheverell Sitwell. Meanwhile, where do you get a decent meal from a non-gouging European?

On Fielding's recommendation, an American journalist took his son to Oskar Davidson's in Copenhagen 15 years ago, where they serve 357 kinds of sandwiches, and advertise their fare with the printed statement on their menu: "In his famous travel book, Temple Fielding says, 'If I had to have my last meal, Oskar Davidson's is where I'd have it.'" Having eaten 12 odious little sandwiches grumpily served up, cold, bread clammy, said journalist wrote to Fielding that he could understand why after eating at Oskar Davidson's he'd give up eating. Bang! Davidson's lost its rating in the next edition. Why is the floodlight over the beautiful church in Saanen near Gstaad no longer lit up at night? the querulous journalist asked Fielding a season or two later. *Fiat lux!*—the light went on again, in a matter of weeks. Temple Fielding's concern for his million readers was fatherly, and enthusiastic. His prose was Lucius Beebe cum Jack Armstrong, and Aristotle never looked at the bust of Homer more avidly than Temple Fielding did at the little fish restaurant in Barcelona, or the Ritz Hotel in Madrid. Just before his death, he sold Fielding Enterprises to William Morrow. We pray the invaluable book will continue to publish, and offer our condolences to his family, ending these words without the little doll-faced smiling code figure with which Temple Fielding characteristically ended his own epistles. —WFB

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

Much relieved to get your note about Myles Frechette. He really is a first-rate officer, professional and bright as can be. He has been unfairly battered and not only in the pages of the NATIONAL REVIEW [Oct. 29, 1982].

It would be good if you could put into print a simple statement to the effect that the facts in the case of the Cuban deportee were not as reported—that Myles in fact fought to prevent others (*not* in the State Department) from making the wrong move and that he deserves kudos, not kicks.

Thanks warmly.

Sincerely,
Tom Enders
Assistant Secretary of State for
Inter-American Affairs
Washington, D.C.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Have you read the amusing article, "Mr. Industrial Policy," by Randall Rothenberg in the May issue of

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Esquire? As you might expect, you should not bother reading the article, but a phrase on page 95 begs to be entered into *NR*'s oxymoron contest: "a unified, coherent [government] program for economic growth."

Sincerely,
Bill Pryor and Ed Mays
Monroe, La.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Have you ever searched the corners of the globe for something that was right in front of you all the time, missing the proverbial forest because of the trees? Well I have, and my entry for the oxymoron contest rings with just such irony. It is: *common sense.*

Sincerely,
Gerald A. Monroe
Evanston, Ill.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

My entry for the tautology contest: San Francisco Zoo.

Sincerely,
Arlene N. Heath
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I humbly submit the following for the oxymoron contest: covert aid to Nicaragua.

Sincerely,
Michael A. Snyder
Pasadena, Calif.

"Not so fast. Are you licensed to hunt non-game species?"

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Columnist Richard Cohen of the *Washington Post* takes you to task, somewhat enviously, in his article of February 20, 1983 for getting so much done in one day. He shouldn't. He is under the impression you have only 24 hours to work with each day, like the rest of us. But he is wrong.

On page 171 of *Atlantic High* you warn your readers against the plain, dumb, silly mistake. There you state: "As we know, there are sixty seconds in one minute, and sixty minutes in one hour. What I have just said applies equally in measuring angles, except that one 'hour' becomes one 'degree' of arc, of which there are 360 in a circle, or a globe. Chicago to Chicago is 360 degrees."

Since I start with the proposition that you avoided a plain, dumb, silly mistake, I must assume that there are—in the Buckley day—360 hours. That makes for a long day and a long, delightful voyage across the Atlantic.

Thanks for sharing it.

Very truly yours,
Sherman S. Poland
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Poland: Ouch! Sorry. And no thanks to you for sharing it! —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

On a recent plane trip I found myself alone with a copy of *Time* magazine (Nov. 22, 1982). Thomas Griffith ("Newswatch," p. 102), in a discussion of President Carter's new book, *Keeping Faith*, in which the press is criticized, summarizes President Nixon's views on the matter as follows:

> Neither writer, in criticizing the press, goes as far as Nixon, who in his memoirs *RN* argues that "the media are far more powerful than the President in creating public opinion, for the simple reason that the media always have the last word." Like many of Nixon's "simple" reasons, this isn't so. (In Nixon's own case, it was the combination of the press, the courts, the Congress, and finally the facts that did him in.)

A friend of mine thinks the irony is so obvious it must be intended. I don't think so because if it was intended the writer would be in agreement with Nixon (which is a no-no). Since the irony of your replies to letters sent to "Notes & Asides" is the hallmark of the column, I could think of no better place to settle the dispute.

Sincerely,
Richard Rotunno
Boulder, Colo.

Dear Mr. Rotunno: Didn't you see Mr. Nixon's devastating reply to *Time* mag? I guess we both missed it. Cordially, —WFB

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Our Failing Schools

A battle for the future is being waged in the classrooms of the world—and America is losing.

Science and math, once the backbone of American education, have become its soft underbelly. Half the newly hired science and math teachers are unqualified to teach those subjects; they do so only with emergency certification. Only one-third of our high schools offer more than one year of math or science. At least half of all high school graduates never had a single year of chemistry or physics. Almost half of our states do not require a single math or science course before graduation.

Five million Soviet high school students take calculus compared with barely more than 100,000 in the U.S. Japan graduates more engineers than the U.S. Nearly half of the engineering doctorates that are awarded in the U.S. go to foreign nationals. In China, more people study English than speak it in the U.S. Through foreign language study, others gain know-how from us. Because of our lack of study, we cannot gain from them.

American students do not work as hard as their foreign counterparts. Our school year is 180 days long. In Japan, East Germany, China and the Soviet Union, the school year averages 240 days. Our children attend classes about five hours a day, five days a week. In other countries, the school days and weeks are much longer.

We are feeding our children the intellectual equivalent of junk food while others dine on gourmet cuisine. The results of this educational diet show. More than 10% of the Japanese have I.Q.s above 130. Only 2% of Americans have I.Q.s above 130.

A generation of Americans is growing up lacking the education needed to participate in the modern world. It's a world of robotics, optical fibers, silicon chips, and CAD/CAM (computer-aided design/computer-aided manufacture). Those who do not understand these things will be left behind. Countries that do not lead will have to follow.

Creating jobs, increasing living standards, improving productivity, defending our national security—all pivot on technology. Other countries recognize the importance of science, math, and foreign languages. Yet, at a time when technology is shaping the future, American education is producing technological illiterates.

Historians of the future may well look back on what has happened to American education as the equivalent of unilateral economic disarmament. Our educational deficiencies must be remedied, lest we find ourselves becoming a second-rate economic power.

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Alaskan Oil To Japan?

AT THE WILLIAMSBURG summit, Ronald Reagan will be attending to a little quiet business with Yasuhiro Nakasone, business that will probably go unnoticed at the time but will come to the fore later. Mr. Reagan is expected to promise the Japanese Prime Minister that Alaskan crude oil will be available for export to Japan by the end of the year. This will permit White House aides, the plan goes, to return to Washington and say to Congress, "Look, you've got to lift that export ban on the sale of Alaskan crude because the President's credibility in foreign policy is at stake." Such pressure on the Hill will be needed if the majority of the House—who have cosponsored a bill (McKinney-Wolpe) to keep in force the Export Administration Act of 1979, which bans such a sale—and the 25-odd senators who have cosponsored a companion bill, are to be swayed. As of today, Senator Robert Packwood says that without a major White House push to eliminate it, the restriction would indeed be renewed.

Some of the President's advisors are opposed to the sale because a protectionist groundswell now rolls across the nation and, for that matter, throughout the mercantile world—a mood that is not yet responding to the economic upturn because, in large part, it is tied to unemployment, which continues high. But the President's mind is made up, we hear: the restrictions against Alaskan oil sales abroad must go.

The President's decision is based on issues of national security, energy independence, and the economics of free trade. The intelligence community has been telling the White House for some time that Yuri Andropov is the wiliest operator to lead the Soviet Union since Stalin, and that, should he decide to do so, Andropov could end Soviet-Japanese tensions over the Kurile Islands and make Japan as dependent upon Sakhalin and other Soviet energy sources as the NATO countries will soon be on Siberian natural gas. The fact that the Soviets are deploying 108 new SS-20 missiles at Lake Baikal, targeted at China and Japan, also sharpens the concern of both Mr. Reagan and Mr. Nakasone.

Opponents argue that national security dictates the opposite: namely, the retention of the U.S.-only restriction on oil from Alaska, which, by the way, supplies one out of five barrels consumed by the Lower 48. Our armed forces must be assured of an uninterrupted oil supply. If we export Alaskan oil, a future energy crisis could force us to choose between commitments to Japan and U.S. security—not to mention the political intolerability of gas shortages in the U.S. while 800,000 barrels per day were being shipped in supertankers from Valdez to Japan. In addition, if that volume were exported to Japan, some eighty U.S. ships would be put out of business, vessels that the government counts on for national defense in an emergency.

MR. REAGAN is expected to argue that selling Alaskan crude to Japan while simultaneously purchasing an equal amount of oil from Mexico makes abundant economic and energy sense. The export ban forces Alaska to move its oil into the wrong markets, namely, the West Coast (already flooded with Alaskan and Californian crude), and the East Coast, which involves the expensive round trip, by U.S.-flag vessels only (the Jones Act), of 13,000 nautical miles via the Panama Canal (even with the new pipeline across Panama) or 30,000 miles via Cape Horn. The round trip between Valdez and Yokohama is 7,000 miles. Furthermore, the $100 million (or so) that Alaska would save by this shorter shipping route, plus the (roughly) $2 per barrel more that could be charged to Japan over the U.S. refinery price, would permit the exploration and development of now-neglected North Slope oilfields such as Ugnu, which is possibly the biggest oil deposit in North America.

The counterargument is that the U.S. has gone to great pains to advance toward energy independence by reducing its oil imports to 30 per cent. Exporting Alaskan crude would raise imports by as much as 15 per cent, increasing our dependence on an unstable Middle East and an unstable Mexico. Further, under the Reagan scheme, Mexico would be expected to export its entire production output of 1.5 million barrels per day to the United States. (At present, Mexico sells half of that total to us.) How likely is it that we could convince the Mexicans that they should produce solely for U.S. export, a dangerous (to both the buyer and seller) consumer monopoly?

A final wrinkle: Mr. Reagan, the National Security Council, and the Pentagon have become impressed, of late, with the geo-strategic value of the North Pacific (at one point U.S. territory is separated from the USSR by only seven miles) as witness, for an astonishing first, the naval maneuvers that took place there in late April—three aircraft carriers (*Enterprise*, *Coral Sea*, *Midway*), forty support vessels, nuclear subs, three hundred aircraft, and 23,000 U.S. servicemen. This task force, Pleetex-83, purposely advanced so close to the Kamchatka Peninsula as to taunt the sleek Badger and other Soviet aircraft to interact with our jets in an incongruous, impromptu exercise, oddly unnoticed by the national press.

Mr. Reagan and his defense aides see Japan (with its proximity to Vladivostok) as central to the upper-Pacific geostrategy. Alaskan oil will lubricate the gears of the Tokyo/Washington connection, which, in turn, will make possible the installation of a joint U.S./Japanese military base in Alaska (so speculation has it), with Japan footing the bill, thus agreeably jacking up its military budget without unduly frightening its smaller East Asian neighbors.

A major fight on this issue may develop in the Senate and House this summer (earlier if the Williamsburg exchange is headlined). Even if the President wins the vote on this issue, he may lose the politics of it—depending on the depth of the nation's protectionist mood. But Mr. Reagan intends to stick to his decision, a close call, but one that on balance appears the more enlightened and statesmanlike. □

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POLITICAL ECONOMY

The Williamsburg Caper

TOM BETHELL

ONCE AGAIN it's economic-summit time, this year in Williamsburg. Why President Reagan dignifies these gatherings with his presence I don't know. The general idea is to permit herds of journalists, economists, and bureaucrats to get together in comfortable surroundings for a few days and enjoy the illusion that the world continues to rotate under their expert guidance. Heads of state, not wanting to be left out of this "process"—a favorite coinage of the Civil Service/Fourth Estate nexus—lend a semblance of plausibility to the proceedings by showing up on schedule.

On the top of the agenda this year has been a disguised effort to get America back onto a more inflationary course. Not that anyone puts it that way. The *Washington Post*, for example, tells us three or four times a week that the dollar is "overvalued." (Note that this is a policy prescription rather than a market judgment. We are never told how the journalist in question is better informed than the millions of participants in the foreign-exchange markets around the world.) The dollar is overvalued, we are told, because interest rates are so "high." (Short-term rates are 8 per cent here, compared to, say, 130 per cent in Brazil.) In turn, high interest rates are caused by big budget deficits.

From this syllogism one could derive the absurd conclusion that large budget deficits produce strong currencies. Maybe Hobart Rowen, the *Washington Post*'s long-time economics expert, could suggest to President Mitterrand that one way to restore the value of the franc would be to increase government spending, thus increasing the French deficit.

The unvarying, if unstated, purpose of all these economic summits is to blame the United States for whatever may be happening in the world of international finance. In the Carter years the dollar was too "weak" (giving U.S. exports an unfair advantage). This year it is too "strong" (emboldening foreigners to exchange their savings for U.S. Treasury bills, so reducing the debt burden on the rest of us. Currently $110 billion worth of U.S. Government securities are held by foreign central banks and international financial institutions). The Williamsburg wise men think it "unfair" that the stable dollar is thus more attractive to foreigners than their own more inflation-prone currencies, so the "overvalued" dollar should be taken down a peg or two.

How? We should intervene in currency markets, buying foreign currency with dollars that are newly printed for the purpose. The diluted dollar would then sink in value. Secretary of the Treasury Donald Regan's recent opposition to such a scheme was unpopular with Washington inflationists.

From the point of view of the Left, of course, there are other appealing aspects to a renewed burst of U.S. inflation. It would erode dollar-denominated Third World and Communist-bloc debt, thus reassuring bankers that it was perfectly safe to resume loans to Iron Curtain and other non-functioning socialist economies. And domestically, revived inflation would have the happy effect of pushing us all into higher tax brackets before that horrible indexing proposal becomes law in 1985.

IT IS ALSO Paul Volcker reappointment time, and of course Volcker is the man who, as Federal Reserve Board chairman, is thought to have the power to implement inflationary policies. So the newspapers are filled with speculation about the likelihood of his reappointment, the philosophical orientation of a possible successor, and the importance of the decision confronting Reagan.

My own feeling is that it does not make much difference whether Volcker is reappointed or not. We may all agree that he has done a good job. Since his appointment in 1979, inflation has dropped by about ten percentage points. Unlike some of his predecessors, Volcker is no mere pawn of the White House. And he really does understand some of the most basic principles of economics, which has not always been true of Fed chairmen. Still, it can be argued that Volcker's performance has been a matter of necessity rather than virtue. It follows that his successor, whoever he may be, will have to operate within market constraints so powerful that even a "compassionate," loose-money Keynesian could do little harm as Fed chairman.

At the moment, inflation is below 5 per cent, the lowest it has been for years. Long-term interest rates are 10 per cent, well above the inflation rate. Suppose that a compassionate liberal is appointed to the Federal Reserve. Upon assuming office he immediately experiences a surge of compassion, and so orders up a rapid expansion of the money supply. (This is accomplished by buying government securities with brand-new dollars created *ex nihilo*.) By Christmas time the inflation rate is back up to 10 per cent.

What would long-term interest rates then be? I think we can safely assume that they would be several points higher than 10 per cent. Lenders have by now well and truly learned that if they are to *be* lenders, not givers, then they must charge an interest rate that is higher than the inflation rate. That may sound obvious, but in fact in the 1970s there were many times when interest rates were below the inflation rate. Now that the lesson has been learned, we may assume that it won't be forgotten for some years to come.

In short, irresponsible ("compassionate") expansion of money, for years a rational if subversive way of driving interest rates down, can now only succeed in driving them back up again. So the Fed today is relatively helpless. It is no longer free to dilute the dollar with impunity, because everyone at risk is on the alert and ready for protective action. Dollar holders are ready to dive into gold and tangibles at a moment's notice. Lenders will retaliate by demanding and receiving a real rate of return.

Irresponsible Fed behavior is now not merely immoral, it is also irrational. Therefore, we may conclude that we will see less of it in the future, whoever the chairman may be. By the same token, then, the Williamsburg effort to nudge America back onto a reflationary course is likely to fail. So the dollar is likely to remain "overvalued"—until a new rationale is devised for undermining Administration policy. □

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MICHAEL NOVAK

The Bishops SPEAK OUT

TO THEIR CREDIT, the Catholic bishops of the United States prepared their newly approved pastoral letter, "The Challenge of Peace: God's Promise and Our Response," in an open and public fashion unprecedented in history. Ever since the first two drafts appeared, last spring and last autumn, any Catholics or others who wished to have their views heard, privately or publicly, had the opportunity to join the argument. Compared to some of the extreme formulations of drafts one and two, the third draft, completed in late March and approved (with amendments) by a vote of 238 to 9 on May 3, represented an immense step forward. But getting there was crazy.

After a very long year's roller coaster of debate, during which the pacifist Left seemed to be mobilizing for an inquisition against the Reagan Administration, events took a comical turn in late March, just after the third draft appeared. Pacifists in Chicago had been gathering 100,000 signatures in support of the bishops; traditionalists had been gathering counter-signatures. When they saw the third draft, the two groups almost changed sides.

Then, on May 2 and 3, the bishops assembled in the Windy City and, after a blizzard of contrary amendments, joyously delivered themselves of their long burden. Since then, practically everyone has declared that, while this or that passage displeases him, the document represents a victory for his point of view.

For this modern miracle, Joseph Cardinal Bernardin, Archbishop of Chicago and a prudent man, deserves a great deal of credit, along with Archbishop John R. Roach of St. Paul, current president of the Bishops Conference, who stood with him in the necessary balancing act. Cardinal Bernardin drove his five-bishop drafting committee to prior consensus on every line, and he managed an emotional two-day meeting in Chicago, which could easily have been stampeded, toward the best achievable outcome under the circumstances. Those circumstances included a two-year lobbying campaign in the public media by the formidable clerocracy of the Catholic Left.

Archbishop John R. Quinn of San Francisco, a former president of the Conference and one of the more assertive of the bishops, moved certain last-minute changes that made the final document, by his lights, more "prophetic." *Time* reports his exultation: "We have done a great service to our country and to the world." That was, surely, the intention. History (and God Himself) will judge the actual result.

The Economist, before seeing the final text, was less sanguine than the good archbishop, noting the "philosophical tightrope-walking" of the bishops' reasoning on deterrence: "The bishops therefore allow the weapons but remove the moral justification for the only official use they have in the present debate, which is to deter the other side."

This is much too strong. The Catholic Left, institutionalized now as never before in a clerocracy (to distinguish organizational activists from ordinary pastors), is exultant because of one symbolic change made in Chicago. In their "support for immediate, bilateral, verifiable agreements to halt the testing, production, and deployment of nuclear-weapons systems," the bishops resoundingly changed the verb "curb" in the third draft back to the second draft's "halt." A footnote now explains that this change does not place episcopal authority behind any particular political tactic, like the "freeze" resolution passed in the U.S. House of Representatives the very next day. Hair-splitters may argue that "halt" does, or does not, mean "freeze"; Certainly, the bishops could have voted for "freeze"; a majority passionately so inclined seems to have been present. "Halt" was a compromise verb.

Mush or Meat?

Left-wing Catholics, represented by the *National Catholic Reporter*, were downcast by the third draft; one called it a bowl of "mush." Yet after an adroit use of the media in Chicago, the same Left wildly declared a victory. Since "halt" is a political judgment, not a theological one, however, the central enthusiasm of the Left stands clear. *Politically*, one can agree, red meat was thrown to the Left; the Reagan Administration was publicly taunted. *Theologically*, the Left was soundly defeated. The proper province of bishops is theology.

This was the fundamental point made again and again in the approved letter: The authority of the bishops has full force on matters of faith and morals, but not on matters of prudential judgment. The latter includes both the interpretation of current events and concrete choices of tactics or strategy. If the bishops voted for "halt," they did so precise-

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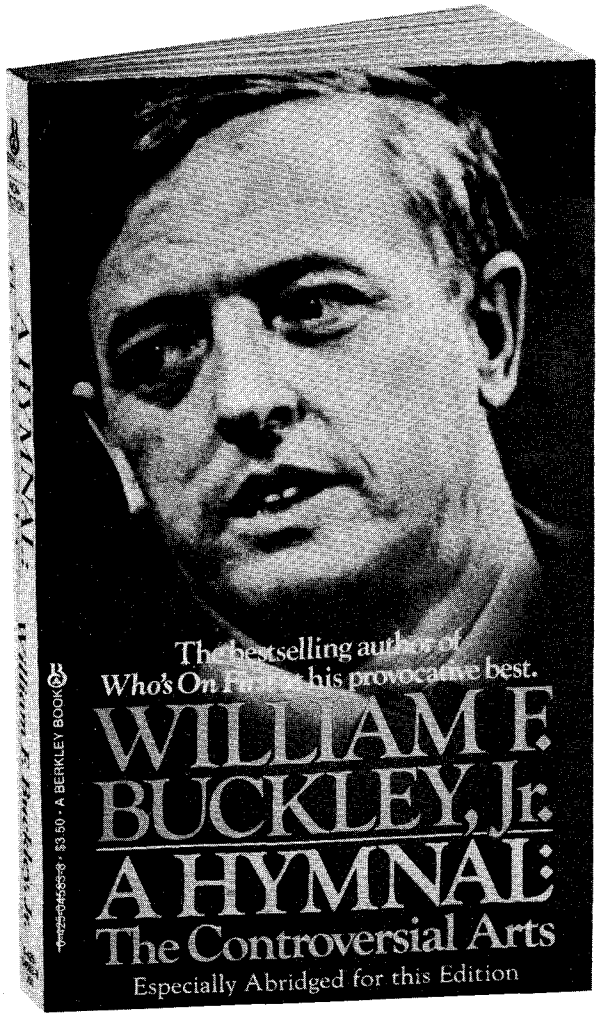

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ly not as bishops but as U.S. citizens, with all the freedoms attached thereto. Considering the matter gravely, other U.S. citizens, including Catholics, are fully entitled to dissent.

The Vatican itself insisted upon this distinction in a critical memorandum recording the minutes of a meeting in Rome on January 18 and 19*, to which the U.S. principals were summoned to hear from certain concerned European prelates and the Vatican Secretary of State. At this meeting, according to the published record, the Vatican discreetly voiced eight fundamental points, of which the most important was the one just mentioned:

> The [second] draft mixes different levels of authority and it will be difficult for the reader to make the necessary distinctions. Hence grave questions of conscience will arise for Catholics. A clear line must be drawn between the statement of principles and practical choices based on prudential judgment. When bishops offer elements for reflection or when they wish to stimulate debate—something that for pastoral reasons they might be called upon to do in present-day situations—they must do it in such a way that they clearly differentiate this from what they are bound to propose as *doctores fidei*. . . .
>
> When differing choices are equally justifiable, bishops should not take sides. Rather they should offer several options or express themselves hypothetically.

The Vatican memo further asked that the pastoral letter "at least be rewritten to state clearly the different levels of authority," for several reasons:

> First, in respect for the freedom of the Christian so that he or she be clearly informed about what is binding in conscience. Second, in respect for the integrity of the Catholic faith so that nothing be proposed as doctrine of the Church that pertains to prudential judgment or alternative choices. Third, for reason of ecclesiology, that the teaching authority which belongs to each bishop not be wrongly applied and therefore obscure its credibility.

The Vatican had seven other points to make. Each is worth bearing in mind because each was heeded by the American bishops' third draft, often in the very same words.

1. *No first use.* The Vatican observed that the second draft had contained "an apodictic moral judgment rejecting first use of nuclear weapons, although the affirmation in the same text 'that serious debate is under way' does not seem to warrant such a statement, which remains highly contingent." The Vatican also saw the possibility of "first use as still necessary at this stage within the context of deterrence."

2. *Counterpopulation warfare.* "The draft pastoral letter should therefore state more clearly what is meant by condemnation of counterpopulation warfare, taking into account the contingency of judgment," the Vatican said, observing that throughout the Rome meeting questions were raised "about the application of the principle to actual nuclear strategies or to the use of particular nuclear weapons. Such application entails a contingent judgment."

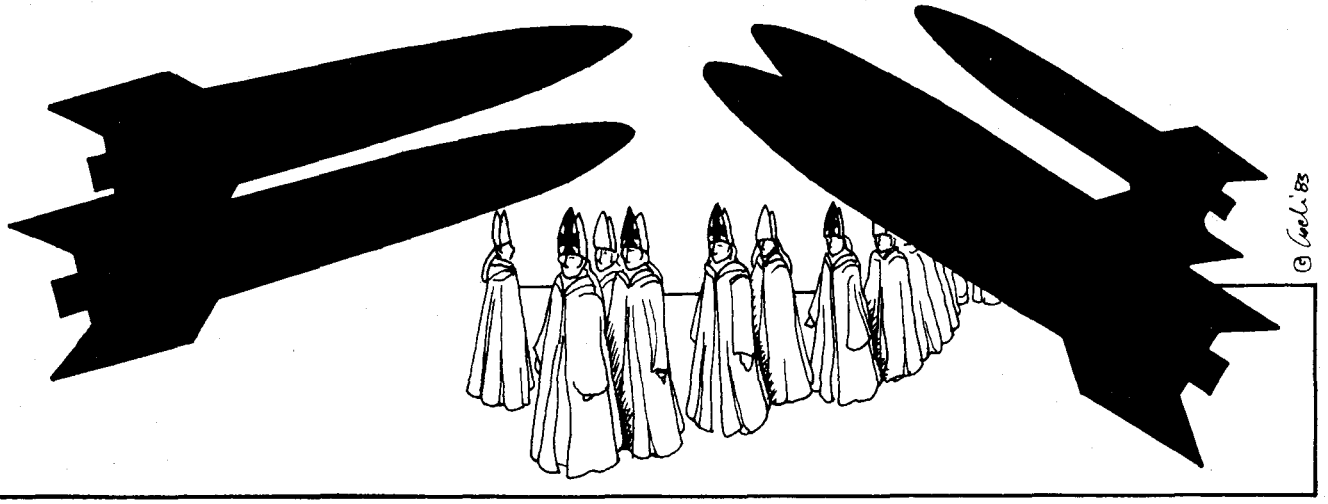
3. *Limited nuclear war.* "Although the meeting did not go into a detailed discussion of this point, it was thought that the text should clearly state to what extent the episcopal teaching authority can be committed when the draft itself states that 'technical opinion on this question and the writings of moralists remain divided' and when it recognizes 'that the policy debate on this question is inconclusive.' "

4. *The use of Scripture.* "It should also be made clear that [the second draft's] 'believing that peace is possible' expresses not a credal judgment but a mere conviction." The Vatican memo further attacked the second draft's assertion that "all of us have firm reasons for believing that God is truly bringing about his kingdom of justice and peace, and that we can look to a future in which all God's people, even those who may be considered 'enemies,' will live together in peace." Of this pap, the Vatican said succinctly: "Here again the text should clearly avoid mixing up two distinct levels and differing realities: our faith that the kingdom of God will come, and the realization that it is not certain if and when true peace will effectively exist in the world that is ours."

5. *The pacifist "tradition."* The Vatican memo "clearly affirmed that there is only one Catholic tradition: the just-war theory, but that this tradition was subject to inner tensions coming from an ever-present desire for peace. The relevant passage in the [second] draft letter would therefore have to be re-elaborated because it relates also to other affirmations that follow."

The memo tartly notes that the second draft "in speaking about nonviolence and just war seems to propose a double Catholic tradition: a tradition of nonviolence and a tradi-

*The full text is printed in *Origins*, April 7, pp. 691-695. Published by the N.C. News Service, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.



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tion along the lines of the just-war theory that existed throughout the history of the Church." The memo cautions: "Other participants indicated that nonviolence has never been seen in the Church as an alternative to the just-war theory. The affirmation in the draft that 'the witnesses to nonviolence and to Christian pacifism run from some Church fathers through Francis of Assisi to Dorothy Day and Martin Luther King' is factually incorrect." The Vatican memo questions whether there is a pacifist tradition holding "that any use of military force is incompatible with the Christian vocation." It doubts that in leading theologians in the first four centuries "there was a certain level of opposition to military service based upon particular Gospel passages." The pacifism of the second draft went too far for the Vatican.

6. *Deterrence.* "With regard to the morality of deterrence, several observations were made. Some participants suggested that this is one of the more difficult questions placed before the moral judgment of pastors and faithful. It must be seen in the wider context of the geopolitical situations and considerations. Its evaluation must take into account the existence of actual and probable threats of aggression. It cannot be separated from moral considerations and from prudential judgment on military and political facts and strategies. It has also a psychological component since it requires credibility to be effective."

7. *The* two *evils to be avoided.* Pope John Paul II's statement at the UN (June 11, 1982) justifying deterrence as an interim measure is, the memo observed, the bedrock of Catholic teaching. Cardinal Casaroli, Vatican Secretary of State, on the basis of his knowledge of the Pope's text and its context, noted in the memo *two* distinct dangers: "a) the danger of *nuclear conflict*" and "b) the endangering of *the independence and freedom of entire peoples.*" Casaroli elaborated:

> In both cases the concern is about vital values for peoples and for humanity. A question worthy of careful examination is whether there exists a relationship of equality or of superiority between the two above-mentioned points of consideration.
>
> There is a clear moral responsibility to do everything possible with total commitment and good will to prevent both the above dangers by the use of political means (negotiations, etc.). The Church has the responsibility to encourage, exhort, admonish, foster, and promote [these] with forcefulness and resoluteness, in season and out of season.
>
> While in active expectation that this goal might be obtained, and, in the opinion of many, in order to achieve this, there is what can be called a common conviction (in the West, but also in the East) that the only practical means at our disposal to avoid the *two* dangers—and which in substance at least has proven to be effective—is for the time being a sufficient *deterrence* (i.e., in fact, today, a nuclear deterrence). This is so despite the sum total of problems and risks that everyone, it can be said, recognizes in this means: the cost; a climate of suspicion and mistrust; the danger that with the existence of such weapons one might make use of them either willfully or even in ways that are not completely premeditated; etc.

The whole of Cardinal Casaroli's remarks here deserve

Excerpts from the Pastoral Letter

"We do not intend that our treatment of each of these issues carry the same moral authority as our statement of universal moral principles and formal Church teaching. Indeed, we stress here at the beginning that not every statement in this letter has the same moral authority. . . . When making applications of these principles we realize—and we wish readers to recognize—that prudential judgments are involved based on specific circumstances which can change or which can be interpreted differently by people of good will (e.g., the treatment of 'no first use'). However, the moral judgments that we make in specific cases, while not binding in conscience, are to be given serious attention and consideration by Catholics as they determine whether their moral judgments are consistent with the Gospel."

"In Pope John Paul II's assessment we perceive two dimensions of the contemporary dilemma of deterrence. One dimension is the danger of nuclear war with its human and moral costs. . . . The other dimension is the independence and freedom of nations and entire peoples, including the need to protect smaller nations from threats to their independence and integrity. . . . Thus a balance of forces, preventing either side from achieving superiority, can be seen as a means of safeguarding both dimensions."

"Some have urged us to condemn all aspects of nuclear deterrence. This urging has been based on a variety of reasons, but has emphasized particularly the high and terrible risks that either deliberate use or accidental detonation of nuclear weapons could quickly escalate to something utterly disproportionate to any acceptable moral purpose. That determination requires highly technical judgments about hypothetical events."

"In all of this discussion of distinct choices [on pacifism], of course, we are referring to options open to individuals. The Council and the Popes have stated clearly that governments threatened by armed, unjust aggression *must* defend their people. This includes defense by armed force if necessary as a last resort."

"The need to defend against a conventional attack in Europe imposes the political and moral burden of developing adequate, alternative modes of defense to present reliance on nuclear weapons. Even with the best-coordinated effort—hardly likely in view of contemporary political division on this question—development of an alternative defense position will still take time. . . . we urge NATO to move rapidly toward the adoption of a 'no first use' policy, but doing so in tandem with development of an adequate alternative defense posture."

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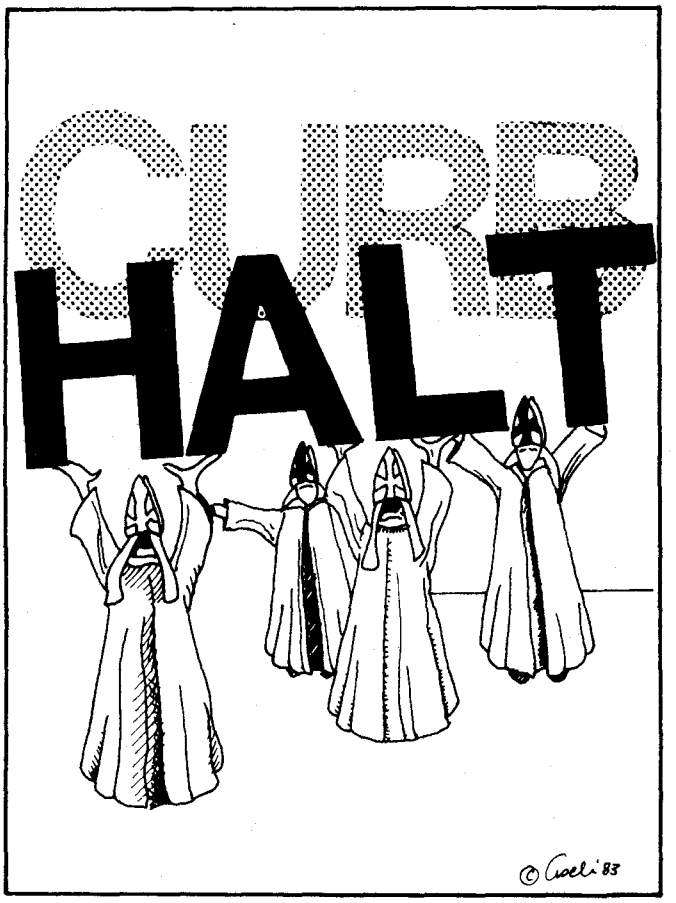

close study; they are made under nine separate headings. Perhaps the ninth especially deserves to be kept in mind:

> One must not give the impression that the Church does not take sufficiently into account the magnitude of the problems and the seriousness of the tremendous responsibilities of government authorities who have to make decisions in these matters. This does not mean that the Church cannot and must not clearly enunciate the certain and seriously obligatory moral principles that the authorities themselves must keep in mind and follow. This must be done, however, in such a manner that it helps those authorities to get a correct orientation according to the basic principles of human and Christian morals and not to create even greater difficulties for them in an area so enormously difficult and so full of responsibility. The same observations apply also to public opinion.

One closes this document from the Vatican with the sense that it is far wiser, infinitely more realistic, and much more sophisticated than the itchings and urgings of the most extremist American bishops—Gumbleton, Quinn, Hunthausen, Matthiesen, Sullivan, Kenny, and others—longing for confrontation with their government at any cost. Such bishops speak often of "prophecy," but fail to note that most prophets are false prophets. Further, as Eric Voegelin has pointed out, the greatest itch of our own day, masked by utopian and prophetic claims about a blissful future, is a self-destructive gnosticism, a parody of true faith. The Vatican has diagnosed this malady in the earlier drafts exactly.

As it happens, the eight points made by the Vatican were those also at the top of the lists of many American Catholics, once they had seen the first draft last spring. For example, *Commonweal* (May 6) supported four of these points, as they became clear in the third draft; this should not have been a surprise, since the points are either classical, or matters of simple realism:

1. The third draft now makes crystal clear Rome's classic distinction between the bishops' authority on matters of universal moral principles and on matters of prudential judgment. Without this, the bishops would have been guilty of clerical hubris, invading the sphere of lay conscience and responsibility.

2. The section on deterrence now rests its center of gravity on the classic statement by Pope John Paul II on the justice of deterrence as an interim measure, and avoids several of the faults of earlier drafts.

3. The third draft takes into account both practical realities and the legitimate fears of European bishops concerning the premature declaration of "no first use" before a conventional deterrent is in place. By amendment, the U.S. bishops still want "no first use," as, in principle, everybody does. But interim deterrence is still the reality.

4. A more "unvarnished view of Soviet brutality and domination" (as *Commonweal* puts it) is in the final text, at one point relying heavily on a long passage from Pope John Paul II. This realistic view of the Soviets is the sole "just cause" for deterrence, the very first condition in just-war theory. Logically, this passage belongs at the top of the section on deterrence.

In addition, my own list included:

5. The rather scandalously weak section in the first two drafts, confusing Holy Scripture with utopian worldly hopes. This has been completely rewritten for the third draft. While the final draft is still not as good as it could be, the scandal is diminished. For the Scriptures are written for human beings in every condition, whether in peace or in war, whether imprisoned or free, whether in despair or in hope. The peace of God is *not* the peace of this world. God's promises are not completely fulfilled in this life.

Faith, Work, and Fighting

In this respect, the second part of the title of the pastoral, "God's Promise and Our Response," does not yet seem quite right. God does *not* promise us the peace of this world; justice does *not* always permit us to seek only peaceful means, although always so until last, reluctant, limited resort. The final draft splendidly cites Pius XII on this point. Further, seeing what God asked of His Son (and the long suffering of His chosen people), *we* can hardly expect utopia for ourselves. John Paul II is cited here. Without a willingness to do battle for justice down through the centuries, our current liberty freely to seek God could not have been won. As Reinhold Niebuhr wrote in launching *Christianity and Crisis* early in 1941, during another high tide of pacifism in the churches:

> Our civilization was built by faith and prayers and hard work—it was also built by fighting. Is there a Christian minister who believes that the rights which he daily enjoys and which he takes for granted, like the air he breathes, would be his to enjoy unless these rights had been fought for by Cromwell, by William of Orange, and by Washington? Are Protestants in the United States to live off the liberties which others are maintaining for them and then express complete indifference to the fate of those whose sacrifice makes the tranquil and serene life of American Christians possible? Should this become the American Protestant

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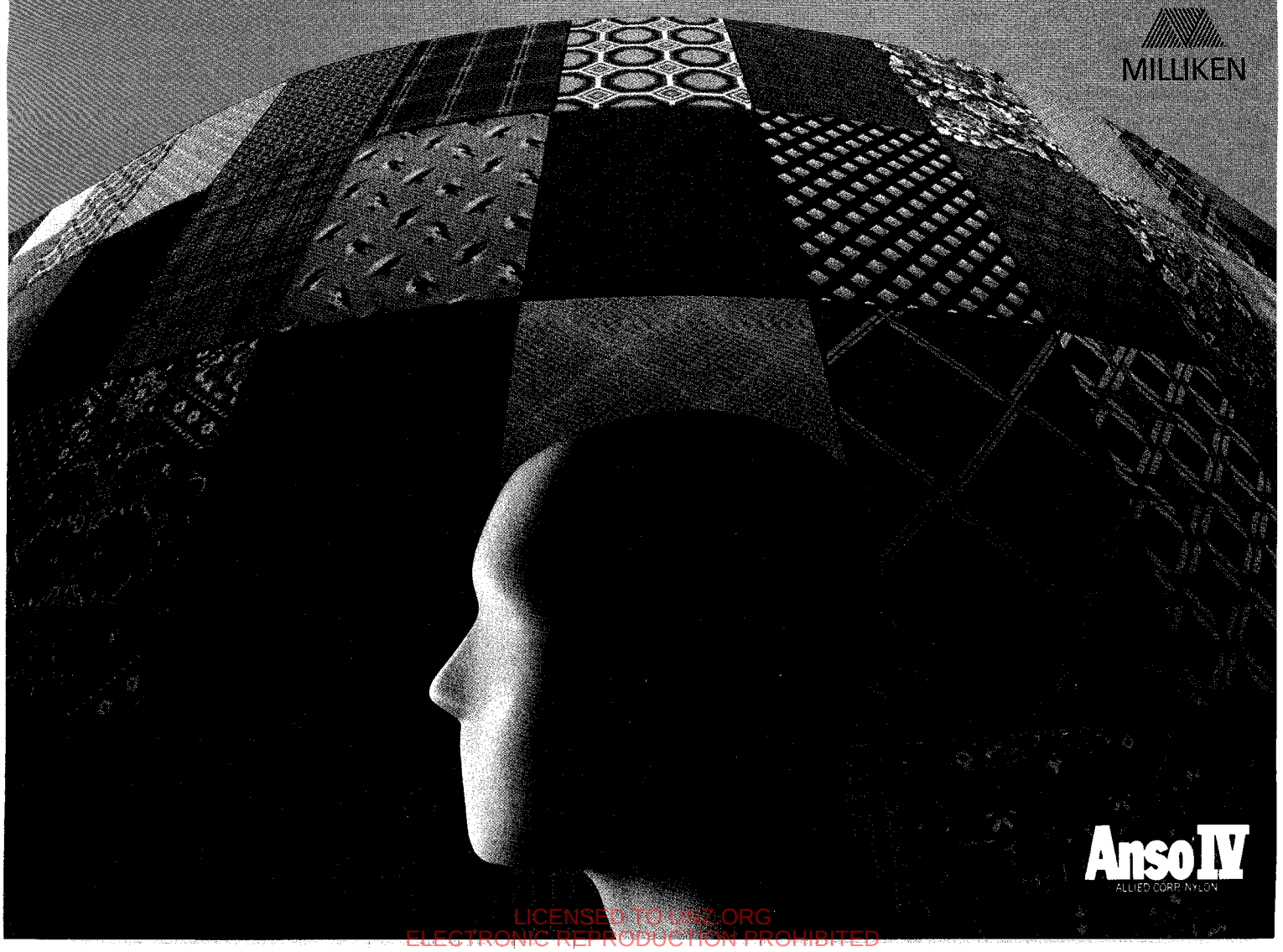

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attitude toward the world, it would inscribe one of the darkest pages in the annals of the Church.

6. The first and second drafts violated the first principle stated in the Vatican memo, the distinction between universal moral principles and concrete prudential judgments, in aligning episcopal authority improperly behind too many *specifics* about particular weapons systems and particular forms of negotiations toward disarmament. The third draft —except for the emotional, symbolic need to say "halt" rather than "curb"—is far more chaste and principled. Specifics, even including some statements by current Administration officials, have now been quite properly relegated to footnotes.

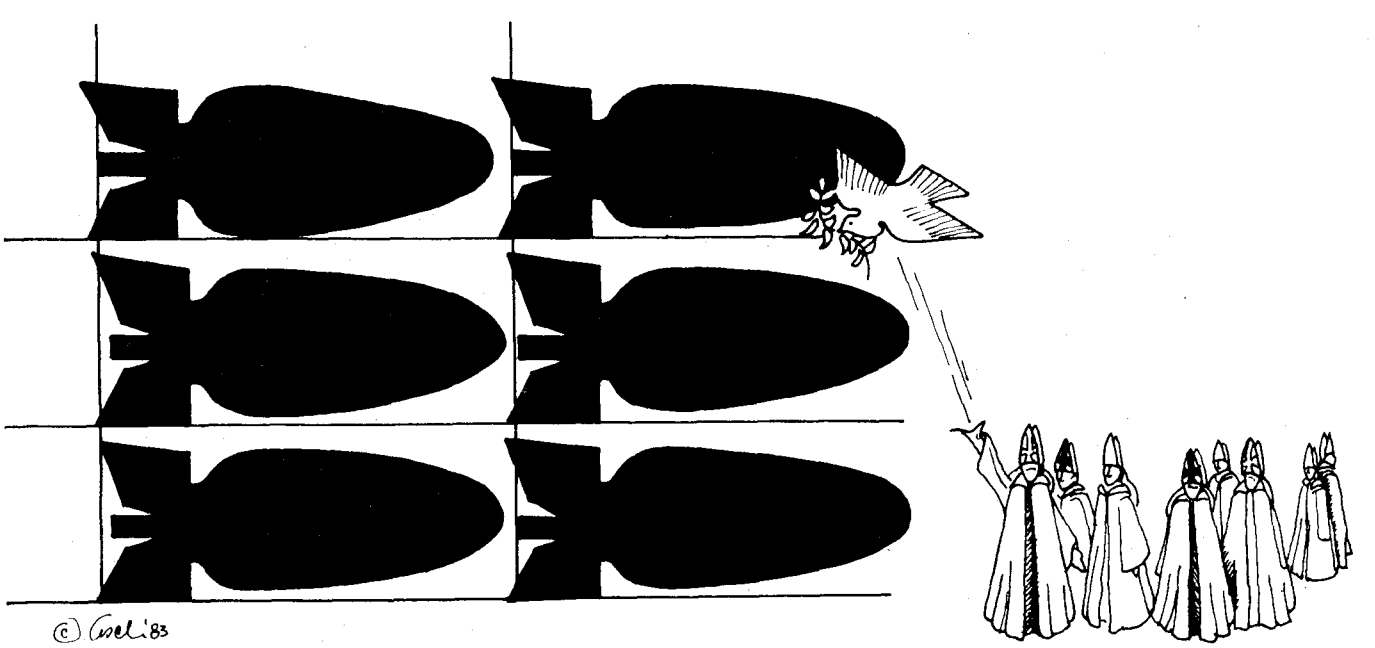
7. A sharp distinction is drawn, as the Vatican suggested, between pacifism as a personal option and pacifism as public policy. For nineteen hundred years—and in the practice of Jesus Himself—Catholic thinkers have rejected pacifism as the main teaching of the Catholic Church. In public policy, any polity is bound by duties of self-defense. Pacifism is commanded neither in public policy nor, in fact, in personal life. On these matters, there is only one main tradition in the Church, as the Vatican made clear, the just-war tradition. For the clergy, pacifism is a special symbolic vocation, suggesting transcendence and the better realities of the eschaton. At best, pacifism is an option for certain special consciences. On these matters, the final text is grudgingly clear enough. Its fundamental fault is not to have listed all the classical reasons why Christians have perennially rejected pacifism. These reasons are Scriptural, theological, historical, political, and moral; they deserve to have been marshaled in this letter. It is honorable to permit pacifism; it is less so to fail to criticize it.

These were the seven major objections many of us had on matters of principle, and the final draft respects all seven, as the first two drafts did not. How can we not be exhilarated by this happy fruit of "an open church"? Cardinal Bernardin said that the bishops listened to their domestic critics, but it no doubt mattered more that the Vatican spoke.

The Chicago meeting opened with Cardinal Bernardin carefully explaining the eight points made by the Vatican, now fixed firmly in the text. Just how effective the Vatican —or simple good sense—was may be gleaned from the turning point of the Chicago meeting. After the first afternoon's vote on "halt" and a string of minor verbal successes, pacifist bishops crowded around the press tables making sure the press knew they were suddenly gaining "more ground than we hoped." Then, on the second day, Archbishop Quinn moved that the third draft's "*profound skepticism* about the moral acceptability of any use of nuclear weapons" be replaced. He was far more apodictic, proposing "*opposition on moral grounds* to any use of nuclear weapons." Drifting in that direction, the bishops voted approval. Then Cardinal Bernardin took the microphone and said in so many words: "The drafting committee considered that issue very carefully and, *given our discussions in Rome*, it decided against." A stir, another motion, and the bishops reversed themselves. From then on, many such amendments failed, illuminating the exact limits of the text.

A typical failure, expressing the underlying direction of the first and second drafts, was moved by Archbishop Hunthausen of Seattle: ". . . any attempt to seek superiority in nuclear weapons, or to develop weapons with first-strike capability, or even which can be reasonably construed as having first-strike capability, violates our conditional acceptance of the morality of deterrence. Such actions, therefore, are to be condemned." Only a handful of bishops voted yes. The archbishop conceded later that the document does not advocate unilateral disarmament, as he had hoped. He looked toward a better future.

One more example shows just how far—but no further —the bishops were willing to stretch the Vatican's position. In an earlier draft, the bishops had encroached on the Vatican's devaluation of pacifism only a little: "When any issue of peace or war is addressed, the nonviolent tradition must be part of the discussion." (In a pluralist society and church, how could it not?) The amendment, which passed, puffed out pacifism somewhat further: "While the just-war theory has clearly been in possession for the last fifteen



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hundred years of Catholic thought [Jesus and the disciples speaking to the centurions are conveniently forgotten], the 'new moment' in which we find ourselves sees the just-war theory and nonviolence as distinct but interdependent methods of evaluating warfare. They diverge on some specific conclusions, but they share a common presumption against the use of force as a means of settling disputes." This is, of course, a self-serving amendment on the part of the pacifist bishops. Its glorification of the "new moment" as a warrant is positively gnostic. One may imagine what some "new moment" will justify next—this new source of authority, given the weight of Scripture and tradition.

Most of the passion and emotion for the past year has centered on the second of the letter's four chapters, on deterrence. The part of chapter one dealing with Scriptural foundations, as we have seen, has been thoroughly rewritten. Chapter four, consisting largely of pious sentiments addressed to various categories of believers, is disappointing. (Worse, it again heaps praise on pacifists, indicating thereby who are the best-organized lobbyists in the current Church, warning them not at all of the typical pacifist sins and blindnesses, and flattering them—or, in the case of pacifist bishops, flattering themselves.)

Chapter three, "The Promotion of Peace," is intended to be the positive centerpiece of the document. Much of it is new in the third draft. Thus, its proposals for a national peace academy and for reverence toward the United Nations have not attracted the scathing criticism they deserve. In chapter three, the bishops become occasionally unrealistic and utopian, without advance criticism to rein them in. In one passage, they even describe, and seem to admire, surrender to a non-democratic enemy as a promotion of peace.

Uncertain Certainty

A close reading of the much-amended final text of chapter two, the most debated section, shows that the bishops do approve of deterrence as did Pope John Paul II. By facing all the objections to deterrence, and by placing conditions on it, the bishops have in a sense given it its most sophisticated defense. It may, however, be too sophisticated. For the American bishops have tried to draw abstract conditions more narrowly than any Catholic body ever has before. As *The Economist* suggests, it is a defect connected with the métier of bishops, with their prime office, that, occupied as much as they are with universal moral principles, they may fall short just where concreteness is required. Bishops are tempted to be certain where no man can be certain, and to overestimate the weight (undoubtable though it be) of abstract principles in concrete actions. The clear principles of their final text do not much alter current realities.

Indeed, an instinct for this very circumstance from the first made some bishops eager to be ever more specific, ever more controversial and newsworthy, and above all and at any cost to seem vividly adversarial to the Reagan Administration. When, e.g., Administration officials praised the third draft—homage one would have thought desirable—Archbishop Rembert Weakland of Milwaukee oddly said: "The White House co-opted the third draft before it was debated. That was unwise and impolitic." This must be the first pastoral in history adjusted in order to be publicly rejected. Such adjustments were mainly symbolic.

Whence came this itch to be adversarial, this prophet motive? Blame it in part on the Vietnam generation; most of the bishops are young—the bulk of them have been consecrated since 1965. Many now seem to be as unself-consciously on the left as most used to be, before the Vatican Council, on the right. Many blame Cardinal Spellman and his peers for not condemning the U.S. presence in Vietnam when so many other "prophets" were. But were these prophets true prophets? (Can it be said that the lot of the South Vietnamese is better in 1983 than it was in, say, 1973? Concentration camps abound today. Malnutrition is universal today. There were no boat people then. The ambiguous silence of the Catholic Church then may now, in retrospect, seem to have been wise. Those of us who were then so morally certain about peace do not now look so morally pure.)

'Now We're Anti-Hannan'

In any case, referring to former paratrooper Archbishop Philip Hannan of New Orleans, who fought often alone and bravely against the Left at the Chicago meeting, and Bishop Thomas Gumbleton of Detroit, leader of the radical pacifists, a Midwestern bishop explained: "In the Fifties, we were all Hannans. Now we're anti-Hannan and pro-Gumbleton." In short, the buzz-word uniting "new moment" theology, a vivid personal conversion to "peacemaking," and left-wing politics is "prophecy." There may already be more self-proclaimed prophets among U.S. Catholic bishops than in the entire Old Testament era and since the birth of Christ combined.

Furthermore, in a recent poll taken by the *National Catholic Register* among editors of the Catholic press, 67 per cent say they vote Democratic, 18 per cent Republican, 10 per cent other. Since 1965, the ranks of activist priests and nuns in new forms of ministry have swollen enormously, as many withdrew from parochial schools and ordinary parish work. Many such persons are available full-time to the religious arm of the activist Left. The clerocracy is thus hardly bipartisan, and for obvious reasons defines political issues in highly charged moral terms, while channeling religious sentiments into political action.

Thus, when the bishops promise to use their new pastoral for "education," one knows institutionally what to expect. One more propaganda blitz from the Left is on the way. Those who try to raise questions, face real difficulties, argue with genuine civility, and continue discussion even in disagreement will find the going rough. For those who think they speak with the tongues of prophets and believe that their politics is religious in inspiration can hardly help thinking any who oppose them immoral.

Against such circumstances, the actual text of the pastoral letter is a sure defense. If anyone should try to intimidate you with the authority of the bishops, take note of all that text's carefully stated principles, caveats, whereases, contingent judgments, and counterarguments. Any careful reader will discover massive evidences of the Vatican memo of January 18 and 19 in the text. Hold to them as to a rock. With the help of the laity and the Vatican, the U.S. bishops have produced a valiant text. □

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The Acoustic Detection

Scientists have studied microstructural discontinuities in high-carbon steel since the early 1920s. By monitoring acoustic emissions, a materials research engineer at the General Motors Research Laboratories has arrived at a more detailed understanding of how one type of discontinuity occurs.

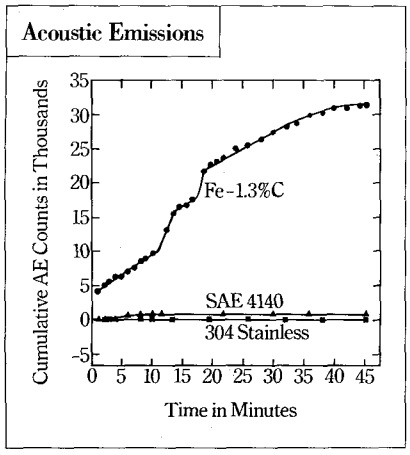
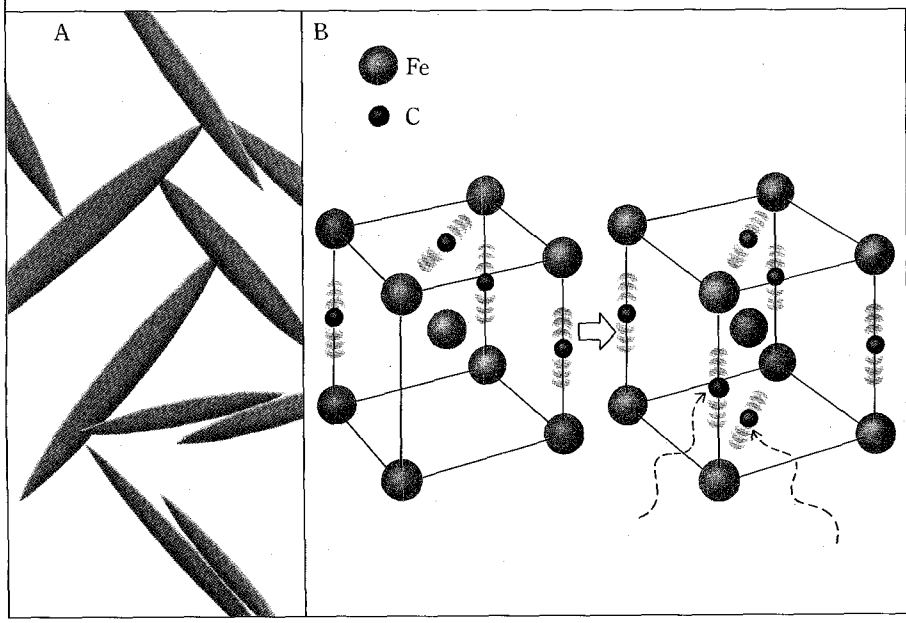


Figure 1: Cumulative acoustic emission counts for Fe-1.3%C steel, and control specimens of SAE 4140 and 304 stainless steel.

Figure 2: Artist's rendering of two proposed sources of microcracking: (A) impingement of the plates during the formation of martensite and (B) carbon atom rearrangement during the aging of martensite.



MARTENSITE is a hard microconstituent of steel which forms when austenite, iron containing carbon in solid solution, is quenched from a high temperature. The martensitic transformation produces steel that is hard and strong, but non-ductile. Through heat treatment, the steel can be tailored to applications requiring different degrees of ductility. High-carbon martensite—a highly stressed microstructure with a plate-like morphology—contains microscopic ruptures or separations 10 to 20 microns in length. These structural discontinuities, termed "microcracks," influence the mechanical properties of steel.

Although aspects of the microcracking phenomenon have been understood by metallurgists for more than fifty years, there is still no definitive explanation for when or how it occurs. An engineer at the General Motors Research Laboratories has devised an experiment that detects the microcracks as they occur.

The elastic energy released when microcracks form should produce a stress wave and associated high-frequency acoustic emission (AE). Using a piezoelectric transducer as the monitoring device, Dr. Michael Shea set out to determine what could be learned about the microcracking process by measuring AE.

The more widely accepted of two current hypotheses—the "impingement model"—asserts that microcracking is transformation-induced, taking place due to the collision of martensite plates during the quench. The other model maintains that microcracking occurs during the aging of martensite after the plates have already formed. The "aging model" suggests that thermal activation enables carbon atoms to rearrange themselves, producing localized stresses high enough to cause microcracking. Dr. Shea's ongoing research into high-carbon martensite led him to believe that the aging hypothesis was important. He proceeded to determine if AE is produced during aging.

For his study, Dr. Shea chose Fe-1.3%C steel, which undergoes martensitic transformation during quenching and is known to form

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microcracks. To provide baseline data, control specimens of 304 stainless steel and SAE 4140 steel were put through the same procedures as the test composition. When quenched, 304 stainless steel produces no martensite, and SAE 4140 forms a low-carbon martensite which has a lath-type morphology, and generally does not microcrack.

SPECIMENS of the three compositions were quenched to -196°C and then slowly heated to room temperature. Acoustic measurements were made beginning at 0°C, at which point carbon atom mobility is sufficient to allow rearrangement processes to take place, and continued for 45 minutes after the specimens had reached room temperature. No AE was recorded for 304 stainless steel, and only a slight amount for SAE 4140. Significant emission, however, was measured for the Fe-1.3%C steel specimen during the entire testing period (see Figure 1). Since martensite had already formed during the quench, these results support the hypothesis that microcracking is produced during aging of the freshly-formed plates. Dr. Shea ruled out both slip and twinning as sources of AE since the literature indicates that neither factor is significant during aging of martensite below 40°C. The possibility that the AE resulted from isothermal transformation of austenite to martensite could also be excluded because this process does not take place in the composition studied.

"These results demonstrate conclusively," says Dr. Shea, "that microcracking occurs during the aging of high-carbon martensite, thereby providing support for the less accepted of the two models.

"The next challenge," he continues, "will be to quantify the relative contributions of both models—impingement and aging—in an effort to determine which, in fact, is the more important mechanism, thus furthering our understanding of microcrack formation. Then, perhaps, we can more systematically explore ways to minimize microcracking."

General Motors

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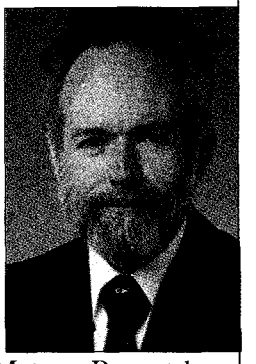
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK



Dr. Michael Shea is a Staff Research Engineer in the Metallurgy Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Shea received his undergraduate and graduate degrees in metallurgical engineering from Michigan Technological University, and his Ph.D. in materials engineering from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. His thesis concerned deformation and fracture of cesium chloride type superlattices. He joined General Motors in 1971.

The areas of metallurgical research pursued by Dr. Shea at General Motors include the mechanical properties of high-carbon steels, mechanically-induced transformation of austenite, and structure/property relationships in nodular cast iron. His exploration of the microcracking phenomenon in martensite was conducted with the help of instrumentation developed by GM colleague Dr. Douglas Harvey.

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THE QUARTERLY REPORT

Yellow Rain And Soviet Cheating

MICHAEL A. SCULLY

"YELLOW RAIN" is the name the H'Mong, a primitive mountain people of Laos, gave to the substance that fell on their villages. It is a quaint name. The H'Mong have no written language.

H'Mong refugees fleeing into Thailand in the summer of 1975 were the first to tell of the yellowish powder and its results: bloody diarrhea, vomiting of blood, numerous small, hard blisters. The survivors had been on the periphery of the attacks, or had consumed contaminated material. They were the fortunate ones. Trichothecene mycotoxins kill you by bursting your blood vessels and arteries. You die as a water-balloon of blood.

Several months before the initial refugee reports of yellow rain, a new international agreement had officially taken effect. President Nixon described the "Convention on Prohibition of the Development, Production, and Stockpiling" of biological and toxin weapons as "the first international agreement since World War II to provide for the actual elimination of an entire class of weapons from the arsenal of nations." In 1969, the U.S. had unilaterally renounced such weapons. The initiative worked. The Soviets dropped their insistence that any treaty include chemical weapons. The convention was signed by 111 nations, including the Soviet Union.

Through the late Seventies, there were few reports in the American press about yellow rain. In September 1981, Secretary of State Alexander Haig told an audience in West Berlin, "We now have physical evidence from Southeast Asia which has been analyzed and found to contain abnormally high levels of three potent mycotoxins—poisonous substances not indigenous to the region and which are highly toxic to man and animals." The physical evidence, however, was limited, and journalists were generally skeptical. (Also at work appears to have been the E. F. Hutton Governmental Inversion Theorem, by which one listens least to the government that is one's own.) Yet in a matter of months the evidence grew. Congressman Stephen Solarz (D., N.Y.) said, following his March 1982 subcommittee hearings on the subject: "I don't see how a reasonable person can argue with the proposition that this is going on . . ." By the end of 1982, most journalistic skepticism about the use of toxin weapons by the Soviets and their client states had been overturned. Editorials asserting that the threshold of reasonable doubt had been crossed appeared in the *Washington Post*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the *Boston Globe*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*.

WHEN THE history of Soviet use of yellow rain and similar weapons (the Afghans report an incapacitating "black smoke") is told, however, the *Wall Street Journal* will be ranked first in the journalistic credits. From 1981 to the present, that newspaper has published some fifty pieces on the subject, mostly in the form of fact-packed editorials. The two men most responsible for this feat are the editor, Robert L. Bartley, and William P. Kucewicz, an editorial-page writer, who won a 1981 Overseas Press Club Citation for Excellence for his articles on yellow rain.

In the current issue of *Foreign Affairs* (Spring 1983), Bartley and Kucewicz join forces to tell the yellow-rain story and address the larger question posed by the Soviets' use of such weapons in direct violation of an arms-control treaty. Say the authors, "The reality is that we have here arms-control violations that are unambiguous, militarily important, and totally cynical." What should this tell us about arms control?

First, the fact that it took years to prove and publicize the use of such weapons, even in the face of first-hand accounts, reinforces the importance of verification as part of arms-control agreements. Yet nuclear weapons are becoming smaller and more easily concealed: technology is making verification more difficult. Formal and occasional on-site inspections would not be much help. The authors quote defense expert Albert Wohlstetter, who, they write, "has demonstrated that a nation could comply with [International Atomic Energy Agency] requirements [for on-site inspections] and still be within hours of assembling a nuclear weapon."

Bartley and Kucewicz maintain that the use of yellow rain demonstrates that "the Soviets have the will and cynicism to engage in determined and calculated programs of cheating on arms agreements." As a result, "our verification efforts must take this fully into account. . . ." There's the rub, for "it strains the imagination to come up with provisions that satisfy that need and still might be negotiable with the Soviets."

The authors conclude with an equally disturbing observation: "As of now, the Soviets have brazenly violated existing arms agreements, and have been called to account only in the most limited way." This leads us to another recent essay.

Perhaps the foremost Marxist journal in the world today (it calls itself "a journal of radical thought") is *Telos*. In the Fall 1982 issue, Cornelius Castoriadis asks, in an article that probes the West's dispirited response to Soviet expansion:

> How and why are the richest, most productive societies the world has ever seen mortally threatened by a government that cannot even feed and decently clothe its people? What causes this weird persistent blindness of Western societies to the monstrous possibilities the present situation obviously poses?

One need not agree fully with Castoriadis's conclusions to find his a thoughtful and thought-provoking essay. He argues, in part, that the West lost its sense of itself when the world's incorrigibleness wore out the universalist (essentially, liberal-gone-utopian) dream of "one world" based on Western principles. At its root, this dream always underestimated the dark side of human nature.

Probably, the H'Mong were so little sophisticated they never made that mistake. Certainly, they will not make it now. □

Mr. Scully is Editor of This World.

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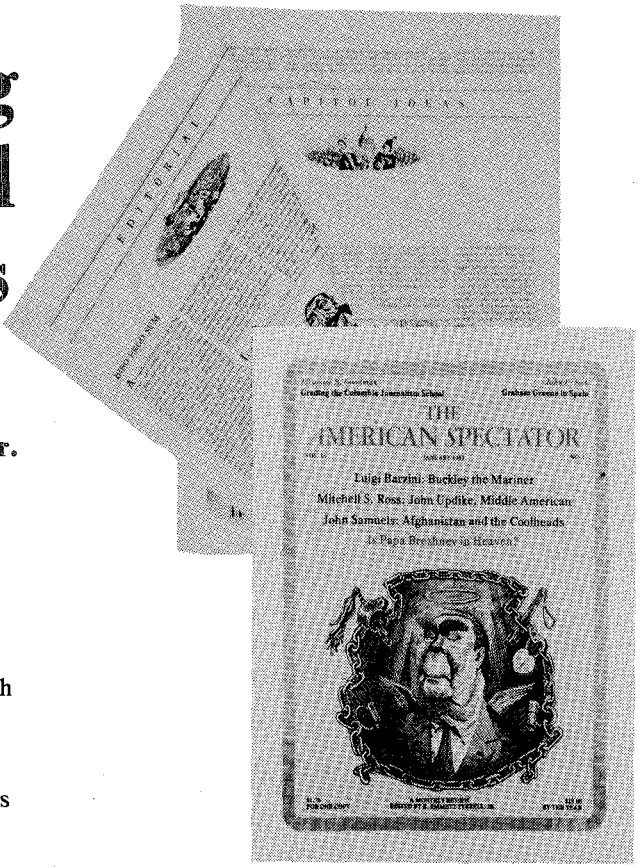
—William F. Buckley, Jr.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ERIK von KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

IS IDEOLOGY USELESS?

"I take it as agreed that if the conservative movement is going to make more than a trivial and fugitive impact on the life of the nation, it will have to develop a philosophy that is systematic, that is comprehensive, that takes full and honest account of current positive knowledge, and that is, therefore, no mere repetition of dried and old chestnuts that appealed to men a generation or two ago but that have lost their flavor and freshness."

—Eliseo Vivas, "On the Conservative Demonology," Modern Age, *Spring 1964*

IRVING KRISTOL, one of the finest minds in the American conservative camp, caused a minor sensation in 1980 with his *Wall Street Journal* article innocently entitled "The New Republican Party." In that essay he concluded that, "in an age of ideological parties, conservative parties have to develop a sharp ideological identity." However, "because conservative parties are naturally hostile to ideological politics, conservative parties are not very good at it." Still, they had better try: "ideological politics rallies its supporters around a vision for the future and sees politics itself as being, above all, a force for the shaping of the future . . . You can't beat an ideology with no ideology." Professor Kristol predicted that his conservative friends, primarily in academic quarters, would protest against his stand and "lament any ideologization of American politics."

He guessed right; the reactions were swift and indignant. However, the question arises: Are we faced here with a semantic misunderstanding or with something that goes a great deal deeper? I am convinced that the division of minds is due to both factors. And, to make matters worse, this difference of opinion has geo-cultural implications. The distrust of ideology is largely a phenomenon of the English-speaking world; on the Continent minds work and react differently. There, Rome and Byzantium, with their thirst for the absolute, are pitted against "post-Protestant" relativism and pragmatism.

Let us look at the semantic issue first. Count Destutt de Tracy, whose main work was translated by Jefferson, coined for his philosophy the term "*idéologie*." Since the term etymologically means simply a study of the nature of ideas, it became, in time, a handy name for a systematized, coherent doctrine on the nature of human existence. Napoleon, a supreme Realpolitiker, protested against certain impractical views being urged on him with the remark: "Gentlemen, you are ideologues!" Karl Marx, by the same token, insisted that he had invented (or discovered) a strictly scientific system of thought, in contrast to the "ideological" notions of the bourgeois world—thus implying that he was right and that the others, obsessed with preconceived ideas, were wrong. Lenin, however, dropped this distinction and spoke about ideologies in the plural. The Communist ideology, according to him, had to fight all the other ideologies.

Any human being, if carefully questioned, will confess to beliefs that, when pieced together, amount to an ideology

In English, until comparatively recently, there was no word for ideology, because its existence was not fully realized. The Germans, however, used the word Weltanschauung, and comparable expressions existed in the Eastern European languages, such as *világnézet* in Hungarian and *mirovozzreniye* and *mirosozertsaniye* in Russian. For a long time the German term was used (and often misspelled) in American, British, or French texts, although it suffered a period of unpopularity while the National Socialists were going on about their wonderful Weltanschauung, and was replaced at that time by *idéologie*, *ideologia*, *ideologiya*, and so forth. Nowadays I know conservatives who say yes to Weltanschauung and no to ideology, but they seem incapable of distinguishing between them. (Not surprisingly, since there is no distinction.) The big German dictionaries gloss *Weltanschauung* as *Ideologie*. Webster's Third gives various definitions for ideology, including "a systematic scheme or coordinated body of ideas or concepts especially about human life or culture." This is precisely the way the average European uses this term.

Certain pragmatic "conservatives" boast of their sane realism and think that all problems should be dealt with on

Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn, a long-time NR *columnist, is the author of many books, including* Leftism: From de Sade and Marx to Hitler and Marcuse *and* The Timeless Christian.

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the basis of experience, expedience, and prudence. The concept of a systematic and well-coordinated set of values is alien to them; they see ideology as a product of the "constructivists" (to use an expression of Karl Popper's). They point out that ideologies have brought untold harm to the world. This is perfectly true: ideologies have caused frightful holocausts in the last two hundred years. They have aroused enthusiasm and fanaticism; they have also generated great personal and collective strength. They have, admittedly, been in the service of evil more often than not. Three ideologies in particular have shaped modernity: democracy, international socialism, and national socialism. These produced the three great revolutions—the French, the Russian, and the German—and with them the Age of the Gs: guillotines, genocide, gas chambers, and Gulag. But the Right has had its ideologists too: Stahl, Groen van Prinsterer, de Maistre, Leontyev, Khomyakov, Donoso Cortés, Spann. They were positive thinkers with a vision. There is no doubt about it: Right is right and Left is wrong.

AT THE HEART of the suspicion of all ideologies is the "clear but false idea" that ideology is a sort of perversion and does not intrinsically belong to human nature. In fact, man is decidedly an ideological animal. Any human being, if carefully questioned, will confess to beliefs that, when pieced together, amount to an ideology, even if it contains certain contradictory elements and lacks a clear profile. Between such world views and the major ideologies—which have sharp demarcation lines and a systematized context—the difference is merely one of *degrees* of clarity and cohesion. A non-ideological culture and civilization never existed.

Friedrich August von Hayek has told us that "every social order rests on ideology." Ludwig von Mises agreed, noting that the choice people have is only a choice between various ideologies, and "if they prefer bad doctrines, nothing can prevent disaster." Other leading Continental conservative thinkers—e.g., Gerd-Klaus Kaltenbrunner and the late Eugen Lemberg—have analogous opinions. Lemberg said that "like the air we breathe, [ideologies] are indispensable presuppositions for the preservation of our life and our species as well as for the functioning of our society." Alain de Benoist has written in a similar vein.

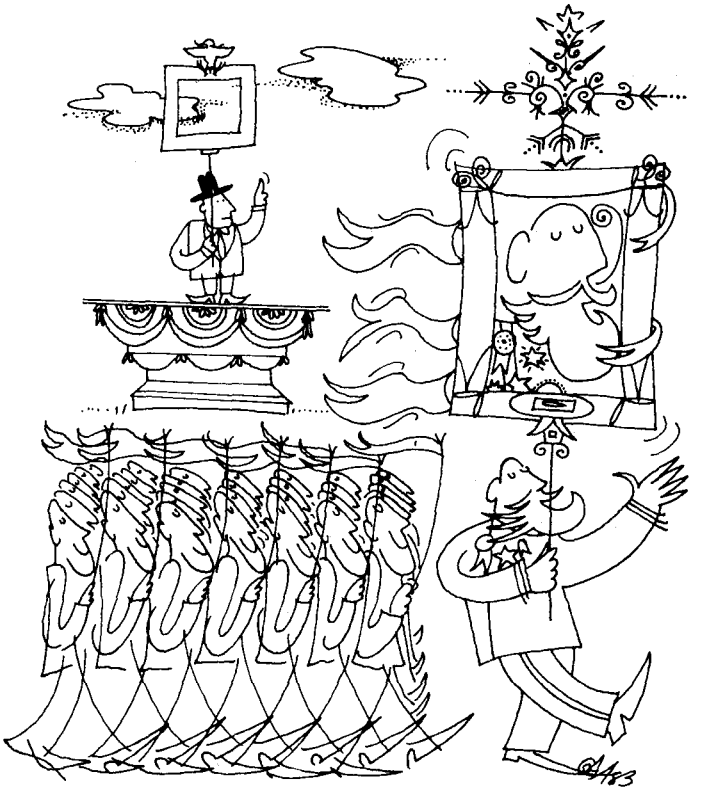
However, in English-speaking nations, as I say, there has always been a marked dislike of ideologies. Whereas Royer-Collard was willing to do without facts, Burke declared that he disliked abstractions so much that he hated even the sound of their names.

This is a "post-Protestant" (though post-Anglican rather than post-Lutheran) phenomenon. As long as the spirit of the Reformation, with its conservative, rigorist, and fundamentalist aspects, reigned, the keynote of life was revolution rather than evolution. With the Enlightenment, the situation changed; then we saw the emergence of polite doubt, relativism, and, finally, pragmatism and empiricism, all alien to Europeans, who tend to argue that the latter belong to the research lab of animal psychology. If the chimp, trying to reach a banana, starts to pile box upon box, he is using the method of trial and error. He will try and try again without thinking methodically until, at last, he succeeds and gets his bit of food. But this method is neither truly practical if time is pressing nor fully human, but B. F. Skinnerish. It is certainly not Promethean. The name Prometheus comes from *promethein*, to "think beforehand." His brother, Epimetheus, married Pandora, owner of the famous box; Epimetheus means the "man who thinks afterward." (Aren't we here already in the tragic domain of American and British foreign policy?)

It is, in other words, essentially human—although many intelligent people want to believe otherwise—to think and then act: not just to react to concrete situations, but to start out with a vision. For many, such an outlook is rooted in religion, since religion alone gives us authoritative answers to the whence, the how, the why, and the whither of our lives. (Philosophy also tries to do this, but in a purely intellectual way.) Talking to American (and other) conservatives who shy away from ideologies, I am frequently asked why I need to use the term "ideology": isn't my religion sufficient? Or, if I must have another term, why do I not say "philosophy" instead? My answer is that for political action "philosophy" is much too abstract: it has no dynamic implications. Who would mount the barricades for a philosophy, or try to stem the Red tide intellectually with the aid of Descartes or Kant, whose language means nothing to the man in the street—or, for that matter, to the average politician or news commentator? An ideology, unlike a philosophy, can have slogans, symbols, hymns, martyrs, flags, and battle cries as well as cold reason.

Here we have to ask a delicate question: What have American conservatives done so far? Have they produced a *concrete* vision, which alone can instill a genuine enthusiasm in those who are young in body or spirit? Or have they not merely provided a brilliant critique of the Left and nothing else, except what the French call *de la littérature*? Have they, perhaps, been afraid to come up with a "constructive alternative," because it is easy to criticize, while a blueprint might expose its author to scorn and ridicule?

What worries me is not really the problem of labels, but the frightening vacuum in which the still-free world cur-



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rently floats. Its subconscious, unexpressed, and ill-defined ideologies have very little if any value as cohesive or combative instruments. The military weakness of the West is much talked about, but it derives from an ideological void. In the past there were National Socialists and Fascists, who were not enemies of the Marxists but their competitors—a very different thing. Still, they did maul each other. What we now have are a few genuine rightists (whom you might call "conservatives") and various forms and degrees of Marxists: Stalinists, Trotskyists, Eurocommunists, Socialists, Social Democrats, New Leftists, pseudo-Liberals. In the present-day ideological domain, the Marxists have what amounts to a near-monopoly.

The Americans and British might reply that there is indeed a strong adversary to the Marxist domination: Western democracy. But democracy, a French and by no means an Anglo-Saxon doctrine, was a full ideology only in the shadow of the guillotine; today, in its liberal synthesis, it is a mere frame into which *any* party with a majority might fit its picture of the good society. It can even hold for a while a totalitarian-tyrannical picture, but then the frame breaks up, which might happen in France or Italy sometime in the not too distant future . . .

HERE LIES the crux of our problem. The typical conservative will say that ideologies (or Weltanschauungen) can not be ordered as one orders a suit from Brooks Brothers: "Where on earth can you *get* such a thing?" The answer is very simple: look at Marx and Engels, who just sat down and concocted the *Communist Manifesto*, a menacing pamphlet that is still very much with us.

It might be objected that Americans, of all people, are unsuited to the task of combatting Marx and Engels's pervasive ideology. North America is, geopolitically speaking, a gigantic island surrounded by oceans. This automatically creates an insularity and even an isolationism in the hearts of Americans. Yet they must rise above this restrictiveness if they want to live up to the role imposed upon them by history.

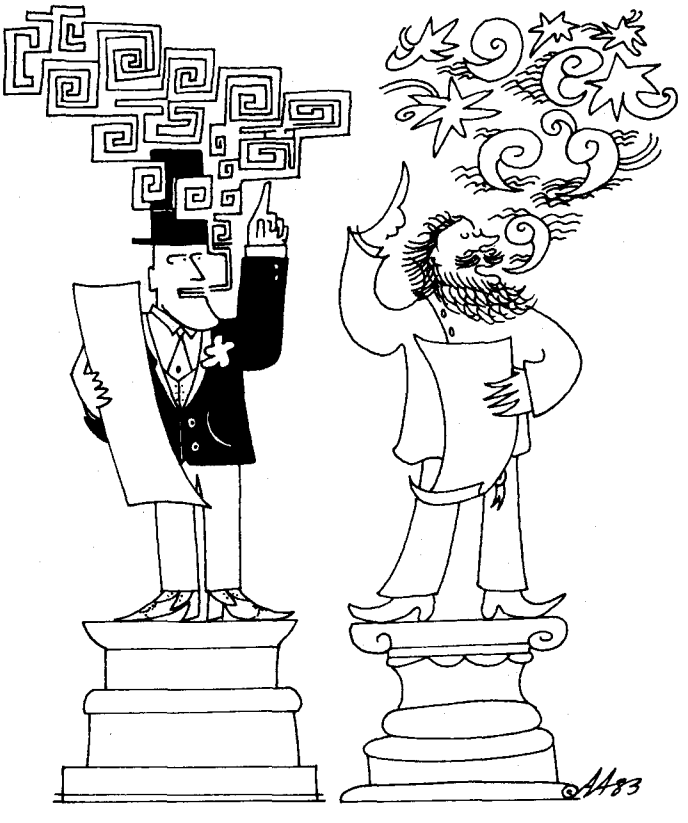
American conservatives have become too self-centered in the last hundred years: thus foreign affairs have been left to the Left. Conservatives have made no powerful appeal to the many and, least of all, to the young. They have failed to reckon with the force of Anatole France's statement: "Everything is unbearable except extremes." The middle of the road does not attract great souls.

The hope that the people of the world will inevitably come to see the conservative light is not realistic either. The people have to be addressed in a more gripping way. And, of course, one has to avoid global misunderstandings by being sufficiently concrete. The case of the noble French volunteers who misinterpreted the ideas underlying the American War of Independence and participated in the first phase of the French Revolution should not be forgotten. (It was James Burnham who told us that between the democratic ideology and the constitutional principle there "is no logical relation whatever.")

But Americans should not give up. There is the theistic "Portland Declaration" [*NR*, Oct. 16, 1981], formulated by a group convened by the Western Humanities Institute in Portland, Ore., that tries to work out an ideological outline for both the free and the enslaved world. To understand how important this is, think of the riot of 1962 in Novocherkassk (Don region), which turned into a real rebellion. The city was in the hands of the revolutionaries for days. Then the army was sent in; the commanding officer exhorted the soldiers not to fire at the enraged crowds, and then shot himself in front of his men; the soldiers lowered their rifles. It took the arrival of a contingent of the KGB in huge transport planes to beat down the uprising.

The most significant thing about this event (which Western Europe did not hear about until months later) was not the loss of hundreds of lives, but the fact that the insurgents had no program, no alternative vision of state, society, economy. They were all against the government but differed as to what should replace it—not surprisingly, for in a totalitarian police state there is no free discussion. Public opinion cannot crystallize. Hence we in the free world must —by radio and through smuggled pamphlets—provide these captive peoples with such a plan; but we must also remember what Jaime Sin, Cardinal of Manila, told us: a slavish application of contemporary Western patterns has no global validity. Anyone who thinks that, even if the Communist regime is overthrown, the Soviet Union will turn into another United States of America or into a gigantic Switzerland is dangerously mistaken.

What is necessary is a common ideology for our world, one adhered to by the people of as many nations as possible, an ideology that is neither an umbrella propped up with a few vague, pious phrases nor a Procrustean straitjacket regulating every detail in our lives. Yet with such an ideology we also automatically propose a utopia, and this is another red flag to many conservatives. However, what we have said about ideologies is equally true of utopias. All thinking people—and, subconsciously, unthinking people too —yearn for a utopia; they have a mental picture of an ideal state and society. Man, after all, is not a thinking creature



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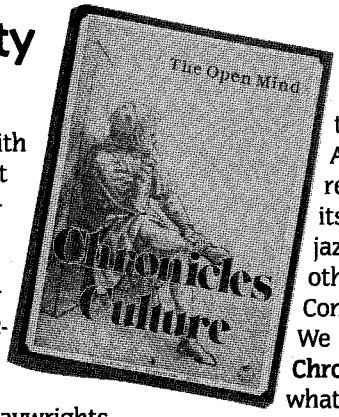

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NON-LIBERAL CRITICISM AT ITS BEST.

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alone; he is also endowed with imagination. And as we know of good and bad ideologies, utopias, too, have to be divided into those which can be transformed into reality without undue sacrifices, those which would demand rivers of blood and superhuman efforts, and those utterly beyond reason.

Let us again quote Hayek, an extremely level-headed economist, biologist, and philosopher, who said that "the guiding model of the overall order will always be a utopia . . . It is only by constantly holding up the guiding conception of an internally consistent model which could be realized by the consistent application of the same principles, that anything like the effective framework for the spontaneous order will be achieved." Romano Guardini, the great Catholic theologian, pointed out that there are utopias and utopias—the term can refer both to dangerous fantasies, and to serious projections capable of realization. Otto Schulmeister, a leading Austrian conservative, saw a difference between utopias and utopianism. Such citations could be continued indefinitely. Let us also note that the man who coined the term utopia (though he did not describe the first one) was Sir Thomas More, an Englishman—an Englishman, yes, but still a canonized saint.

Once again, I must repeat that while *formalized* ideologies and utopias are not traditionally the pabulum of American (or British) conservatives, at present the free world is a beleaguered fortress and *the only leadership that could be forthcoming is American.* No other country can provide it, because such leadership presupposes material strength. Only America has it. However, physical (military and economic) power must be combined with spiritual, intellectual, and moral factors on the one hand and with the ability to speak a global (and not a local) language on the other. Thus America is called upon by history to act so as to make people all over the world—as a starter, all Christians and Jews—listen to her. Here lies the real need for American ideological thought and utopian imagination. But let us hope that we will not see again a pseudo-American (actually French) "democratism" of the 1918 or 1945 vintage. Think back on Woodrow Wilson's delight in Kerensky's idiocy and his fatal anti-Habsburg stance, as well as the failures of FDR and Harry Truman in their negotiations with the Soviets during and after World War II. Americans have to learn from painful past experiences.

What is necessary is a common ideology for our world, one adhered to by the people of as many nations as possible

It has been pointed out by critics of Irving Kristol that there is nothing in American conservatism that lends itself to ideological action: American "conservatism" is so amorphous that it can't be systematized. This can hardly be denied, because the conservative label has been stuck onto a grab-bag of ideas, trends, and actions that baffles foreigners. They are just recovering from the shock of hearing the noble term "liberal" attached to socialists, when they learn that the word "conservative" is applied to every imaginable school of thought—provided it *opposes* socialism. Even "Objectivists," Social Darwinists, racists, and pacifist anarchists have claimed to be conservatives. For this and other reasons, I feel that the term "rightist" would be less confusing. In practically all languages, dead or modern, European or Asian, "right" has a positive, "left" a negative connotation.

The lack of a rightist (or conservative) ideology is, indeed, felt all over the globe. In Vietnam the Marxist Vietcong fought against a regime that was forced by Washington to copy Western patterns that were unworkable there; in India, the Congress Party represents a somewhat diluted socialism; in several European countries various Christian parties have tried to lean on ideologies of a distinctly non-Christian origin and are thus losing their distinctive profile. (Who among Catholic leaders knows that Pope Leo XIII specifically forbade the use of the term "Christian democracy"?) Not only in Germany, Austria, and France, but even in prosperous Switzerland and the Netherlands, we see young people rebelling out of sheer aimlessness. There are no reasonable causes for which they could sacrifice time and money and, if necessary, their lives. "Better Red than dead"? Indeed, because Red might give many of them a vision, a purpose, a task.

Man, after all, has two drives: one for lust, enjoyment, and ease, the other for sacrifice. It is not overstressing the point to say that part of the drug problem is due to the lack of an ideology, which, even if it is a wicked one, gives a sense of belonging, fulfillment, and identity. In Europe I know several ex-Nazis, genuine idealists, who became totally disillusioned when they realized the full extent of the Brown horrors. But they still hanker after the "wonderful years" of total dedication and limitless enthusiasm. Now these men and women, who are not very religious, are again leading empty lives. Who, indeed, can rave about a mere frame (modern democracy)? People want pictures.

Our existence, the hollowness of life in high-technology provider states where "security" is guaranteed and there is no demand for ideals, has been well represented in a brilliant novel by Evelyn Waugh's son Auberon, *Who Are the Violets Now?* In one scene a group of journalists is waiting in front of the Tel Aviv law courts where another Eichmann is being tried for the murder of 150,000 Jews. A few of them demand the most atrocious punishment but are quickly contradicted by others, who insist that such barbarous revenge is uncivilized. "But what should be done with him?" "He ought to be re-educated," somebody suggests, and all agree until somebody else asks: "Yes—re-educated! But toward what?" Nobody has an answer.

And this, precisely, shows up the void that should be filled with an ideology, a Weltanschauung, or whatever you prefer to call it. Already I can hear some of my American readers sigh: "We're the last ones to provide it. We cannot jump over our shadow!" You cannot? But you *must.* In our private lives, again and again, circumstances force us to do things and adopt attitudes totally against our grain. It is quite possible that the balance of terror will be with us for years to come, provided of course that the West keeps the balance, and we arm to the teeth. Then, however, the struggle will by necessity be of an ideological nature, and this, in turn, means that we have to arm not only militarily but also ideologically . . . which, admittedly, might be a far more arduous task. □

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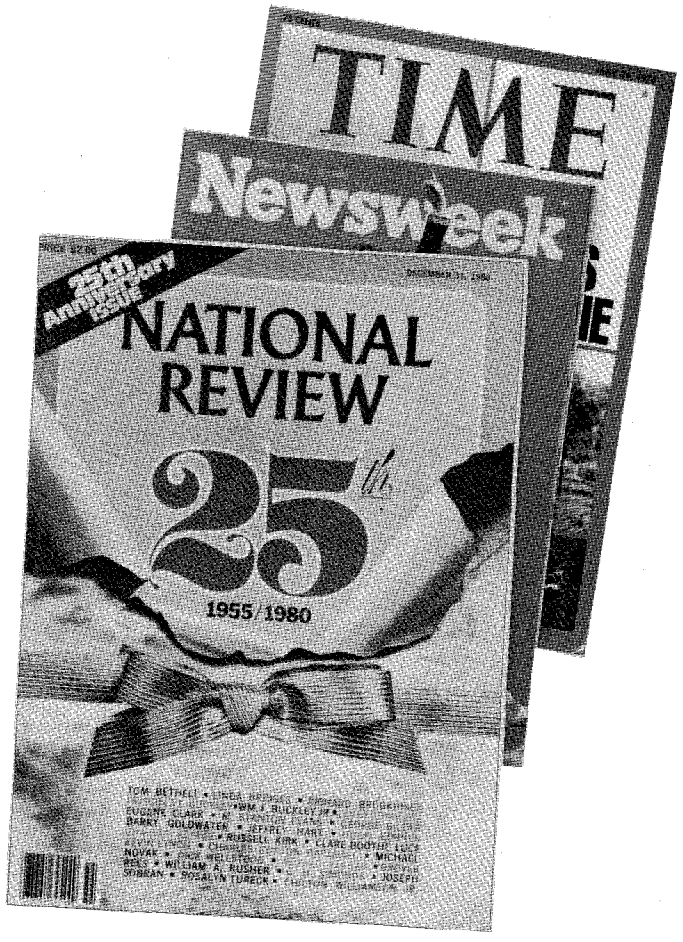

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help !!!!

Our Porous Borders

The dainty travel pickaback,
  While others wade MacArthur-style.
Though some are harassed by patrols,
  Most slog ashore with guts and guile.
The border guards are frankly pooped;
  The fence does not deter the flow.
Before you bang a castanet,
  They melt within the status quo.

W. H. VON DREELE

MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
HOW CAN HE SAY THESE THINGS ABOUT A HERO WHO LEFT US SUCH A GREAT LEGACY?
REAGAN BLASTS GREAT SOCIETY
MR. SPEAKER
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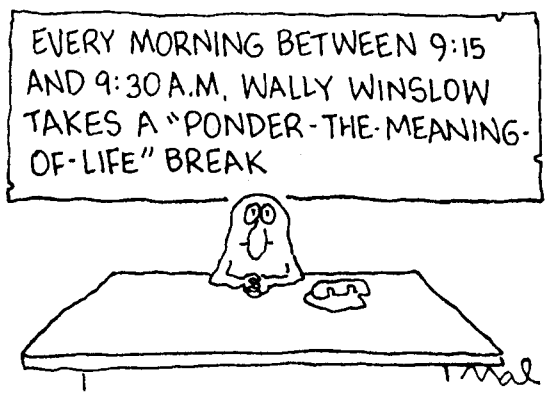
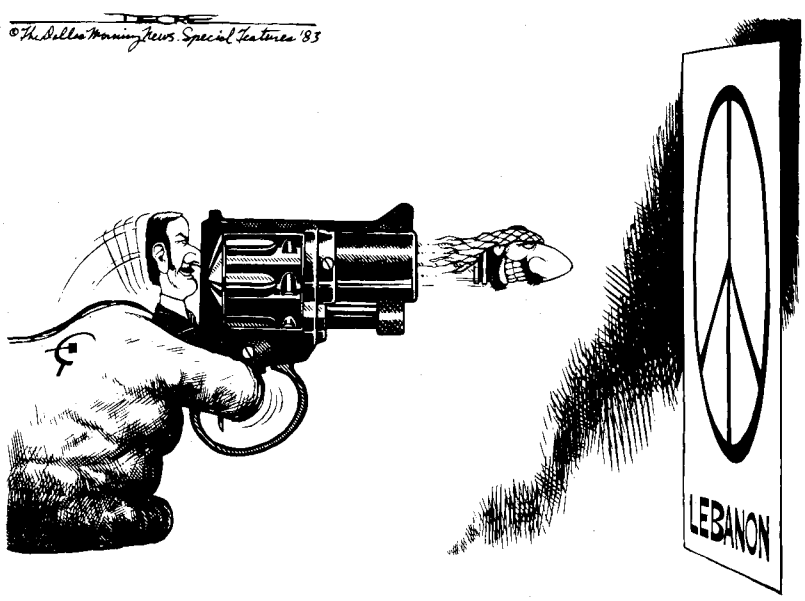
TAX
MAKE JOBS
IF IT FEELS GOOD, TAX IT
US?..... WE'RE CALLED REPUBLICAN MODERATES!
BUDGET CUTS ARE NOT HEALTHY FOR CONGRESSMEN AND OTHER
HEY HEY LBJ, WE LOVED THE GREAT SOCIÉTÉ
Hell NO-WE Won't GO TO NICARAGUA
GOP



"I can never remember—am I Diogenes or Demosthenes?"



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PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY

Reagan at the Drake

JEFFREY HART

At this 19th annual meeting of the Philadelphia Society, the participants talked about many things, and the members and guests chatted convivially in the corridors and lounges, but under it all there was only one real issue, an issue often out of sight, like some huge political Moby Dick swimming under water but occasionally breaking through the surface to shower everyone with spray. This issue was Ronald Reagan, what he has done and what he hasn't done. You did not have to be especially sensitive to feel the presence of a crystallizing anger, serious but also civil. The political drama of the meeting thus consisted of the ability of the pro-Reagan speakers, principally Ed Meese and Dick Allen, but also a startlingly brilliant young Englishman I had not known of named Stephen Haseler, to overwhelm the muttering revolt. The anti-Reagan Pickett's charge was pawing the turf, ready to go, but the heavy intellectual artillery opened up—and prevailed, this time.

There is nothing wrong with Chicago's Drake Hotel except that it seems to be twenty miles and certainly twenty dollars from O'Hare International Airport, a facility its own press agent would have to call controlled chaos, but which seems to me a Chinese fire drill. Once inside the dark-paneled elegance of the Drake, however, I found all to be civilized; indeed, I was not once tempted to venture out into the chilly streets of Mayor Washington's city. The Drake, at least, is very good.

It seems reasonably clear that Lew Lehrman, who gave the keynote speech following the Friday evening opening banquet, is running for the 1988 Republican presidential nomination. Lehrman is a formidable fellow, and though his speech was rooted in first principles it was in no way obscure. Mr. Lehrman in his own way is a radical, the message, or one of them, of his red suspenders. He stands for *thoroughgoing* reform, a 40 per cent tax cut. He also supports a low flat-rate tax, and he believes that such measures, along with a gold standard, would put us into economic orbit. He holds up a dollar bill: "I hate this debauched currency," he says. "It reminds me of how far we have fallen."

Lehrman is speaking and running as a populist, but he is also a kind of passionate professor. Therein may lie a problem. Could he end up as a populist whose ideas do not penetrate the popular imagination? His excellent showing in New York last year gives a partial answer to that question, and in my judgment Mr. Lehrman is a live possibility for 1988.

The next day, Saturday, the festivities began with a panel I found somewhat Spenglerian.

To be candid, the decline-of-the-West theme does not much appeal to me, especially at 10 A.M. The Soviet Union, née Russia, may or may not be a military wonder, but we certainly do not have anything to fear from it morally or culturally. The place, whoever runs it, has always been a dump.

Anthony Harrigan led off the 10 A.M. session with some useful long-range thoughts about the need to give sustained attention to the ways in which the permanent truths of conservatism will apply under circumstances of accelerating change: in industry, robots and micro-chips; in demography, Latinization of the U.S. population; in the American Catholic Church, a tendency he called "post-Western," and accurately saw as inimical to the United States.

There followed two talks I found at once witty and gloomy, by Leopold Tyrmand of the Rockford Institute and by the philosopher and author Otto Scott. We heard about the decay of Western culture, as evidenced by the spread of pornography and loose morals, the decline of the family, urban violence, and the decay of religion, and all of this was connected in a causal way with the decline of the Western nations' will to resist their own destruction. Much of this seemed to me to be contradicted by every recent statistic I have seen about Americans' belief in God and their church attendance, and I reflected that eighteenth century London was more conspicuous for vice and crime than any American city. The panel pretty much declined to respond to these reflections when I put them in the form of a question.

Everyone present at the luncheon meeting in the Ballroom knew that Ed Meese, wearing an Adam Smith tie, would defend the Reagan Administration, and I felt at least a sporting interest in how he would handle the obvious problems he faced in this room. Would some people boil over? The potential was there. Reagan hasn't done much about busing or abortion or school prayer, he lifted the grain embargo and went along with a fig-leaf on the Siberian pipeline, and a lot of people here had been muttering in the corridors about new taxes, Jim Baker, the Social Security mess, and Bob Dole.

Meese met his problem head-on; in football terms, it was a straight off-tackle play for good yardage.

While declaring the objectives of the Administration to be superlative from a conservative perspective, he was also eloquent—and, to my mind, convincing—in his analysis of the obstacles to their full achievement. There is the "tyranny of events," for example, such as the unexpectedly severe recession that limited Reagan's political options. He spoke of bureaucratic inertia, and problems with the judiciary, and the surface political appeal of liberal measures like "jobs bills." And, of course, the bias of the media.

It seemed to me that Meese's realism here had about it a kind of profundity, a sense of the concreteness of the world, and few could reasonably doubt the sincerity of his own conservative commitment. He did not eliminate the doubts

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and criticisms of many of those present, but he put them on the rhetorical and conceptual defensive.

A marvelous moment in the proceedings was provided just before Meese spoke, when Russell Kirk was installed as the new president of the Philadelphia Society. His acceptance speech was a masterpiece of donnish wit. Mr. Kirk compared his accession to that of Pope Sixtus V. It seems that three powerful cardinals were deadlocked for the papacy, and in desperation the assembly turned to the man who would become Sixtus. He was thought to be over ninety, in bad health, perhaps even an idiot; he had lived for years in monastic obscurity. Surely he would be harmless and brief. But once installed he turned out to be vigorous, twenty years younger than anyone had thought, intelligent, cantankerous, and an ecclesiastical reformer. He cleaned up the local highwaymen by putting their heads on wooden stakes along the roads. ("What have we done?" gasped Ed Feulner, the outgoing president.)

In the afternoon, George Gilder had astute things to say about the current fad called "re-industrialization" or government "industrial policy," as pushed by Rohatyn, Thurow, and Reich. Gilder called the notion that a planning committee is responsible for Japanese industrial power "cock-a-doodle-do economics." Just as the rooster, watching the sun rise, thinks his cry caused it to, so the planner, watching production rise, thinks his theories responsible.

Later on, Richard Allen made a remarkably effective defense of the Reagan Administration's foreign policy, although not without twitting Ed Meese, who had just departed: someone from "the vicinity of Meese" in the White House, said Allen, had recently sat just behind him at a fashionable Washington bistro, and had been regaling "a very attractive network correspondent" with complaints about the Reagan Administration. He promised to provide Ed with the name of the leaker.

Reagan, argued Allen, ran in 1980 against a decade of failed foreign policy. He understood his mandate to be one of reviving the economy, rebuilding our defenses, resuscitating our intelligence capability, and re-establishing the credibility of U.S. leadership in the wake of Vietnam, Iran, and other fiascos. It has taken two years, he said; policy has not always been consistent or perfect; but a new direction has definitely been set. In Europe, U.S. leadership is reviving. The President's approach to the Soviet Union is realistic and principled.

Allen's themes were reinforced, perhaps obliquely, by Stephen Haseler of the new Social Democratic-Liberal Alliance in Britain. Haseler, whatever his views on economics and such, is very tough on foreign-policy issues. Interestingly, he believes the spread of pacifism in Europe comes not from U.S. bellicosity but from a perception of U.S. weakness, and the doubt, after Vietnam and Iran, that we have the will or the capacity to protect Western Europe from Soviet pressure or even outright assault. Haseler despises the accommodationists in the Western establishments: masters of "the pre-emptive cringe." The USSR, he says, does not want a real missile agreement; it wants an agreement that will humiliate and divide the West; or else no agreement at all, a situation that could be exploited politically. A genuine agreement would end the "peace movement." The American conservatives, said Haseler, are the hope of Europe; eloquently, he quoted Longfellow: we are all "hanging breathless on thy fate."

Egad. A good thing dinner intervened between Mr. Haseler and my own evening presentation. Listening to such a frighteningly articulate Englishman makes me feel—unfortunately not look—like some sort of Gary Cooper. But I regained my composure, and we had an entertaining and often illuminating discussion about the varied, often surprising, and sometimes beautiful, culture of the 1950s, the subject of my new book, *When the Going Was Good* (Crown). Across the hall, at another dinner, my informants tell me that George Nash, the first volume of whose *Herbert Hoover* has just appeared, chaired a discussion of the implications of modernization, at which it was generally felt that a great danger existed in attaching to mundane matters the kind of ultimate emotion that ought to be reserved for transcendent ones.

I can agree with that, and I headed for O'Hare. □

Epitaphs

Publisher
Now his
finest Bible,
all abridged and breezy,
stamped in gold: "Salvation Quick and
Easy."

Existentialist
The news
that God is dead
he solemnly transmits,
but cannot find His name in the
obits.

Reactionary
All change
in modern life
made him climb the lattice—
he preferred it when the quo
was status.

Equivocator
He thought
he stood upright
and took courageous strides,
with both feet firmly planted on
all sides.

—Gloria A. Maxson

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The One True Conservative

Statecraft as Soulcraft: What Government Does
By George F. Will
Simon & Schuster, 186 pp., $13.95

JOSEPH SOBRAN

While other pundits cite informed sources and Administration officials, George Will appeals to Newman, Burke, Cicero, Aristotle, and, in a pinch, P. G. Wodehouse. By such means he achieves a superior perspective on the day's events, and also gives the droll impression that the very act of writing about politics these days puts one in tackier company than heart could wish. He thinks politics is too noble an art to be left to politicians.

This ironically lofty stance serves him well in his columns, where it is diverting to see Tip O'Neill crushed by a bit of Burke as by a boulder. But without the stimulus and discipline of an immediate topic, Will tends to soar into pomposity. *Statecraft as Soulcraft: What Government Does* originated as the 1981 Godkin Lectures at Harvard, but even an audience at Mount Olympus would probably find it a mite stuffy. Famous names are dropped, portentous quotations quoted, fine distinctions distinguished, aphorisms delivered, sans intermission.

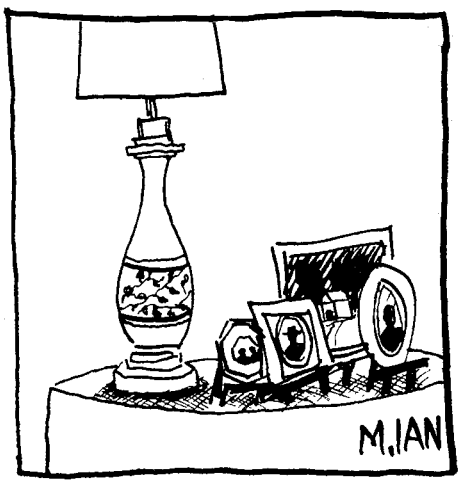
The thesis is aristocratic and Aristotelian: that government is properly concerned with the character of the citizens. It must aim to instill virtue in them. Statecraft is soulcraft.

Jerry Falwell, who doesn't quote Cicero, can tell you why virtue matters. Will, who alludes to Falwell as "coarse" and "vulgar," can't. He defines it as "good citizenship," which begs the question; or, if it answers it, answers wrong. Nor is it helpful to use synonyms like "the spiritual" and "our finest potentialities": lacking definition, these are no more than edifying sound effects. How can you write about "soulcraft" without suggesting what the soul may be?

As Will sees it, America was conceived in coarseness. Its Founders lay on a direct line between Hobbes and Bentham, and sought to organize American society on the sovereign principle of self-interest. "We well know," he quotes Madison, "that neither moral nor religious motives can be relied on."

But surely "relied" is the operative word: virtue *alone* can't keep rulers from abusing their power. Far from disparaging virtue, Madison also wrote that "republican government presupposes . . . sufficient virtue among men for self-government." Yet Will flatly states it as the Madisonian philosophy that "public-spiritedness will not be assumed, or even necessary, in public officials."

So ambitious a book ("My aim is to recast conservatism . . .") should avoid caricature; but caricature is indispensable to Will's purpose. When he wants to put down defenders of the free market, he prefers twitting John D. Rockefeller to grappling with Hayek. But then Hayek's name would be unfamiliar to a Harvard audience; or at least would somehow violate the tone of the special sort of name-dropping that typifies this book.



Only names from a tacitly understood canon are dropped. The liberal's universe is not seriously disturbed. Will is on the side of the liberal angels when it comes to certain key symbols: Franklin Roosevelt, the welfare state, public education, civil rights, Israel, and above all American conservatives, whom he hectors in a priggish voice. He is given to speaking of "conservatism, properly understood," which is to say, a conservatism remote from today's "*soi-disant* conservatives who have been so busy praising Burke they have not taken time to read, or at least comprehend, him." Will, the quoter, quotes less than four sentences from the conservatives he professes to be correcting, and all four are snippets from Reagan campaign speeches.

Conservatism, properly understood, recognizes "government's role in the generation of wealth." Conservatism, properly understood, "must address government's graver purposes with an affirmative doctrine of the welfare state." Conservatism, properly understood, makes you welcome at the *Washington Post*, *The New Republic*, and Harvard. If *they* make out your conservative credentials, none dare call you *soi-disant*.

"It is perhaps marvelous," Will remarks, "that people who preach disdain

M. E. Bradford *is a professor of English at the University of Dallas and the author of* A Worthy Company. . . . **George P. McCartney** *teaches English at St. John's University in New York.* . . . **Terry Teachout** *is jazz critic for the* Kansas City Star.

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—WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

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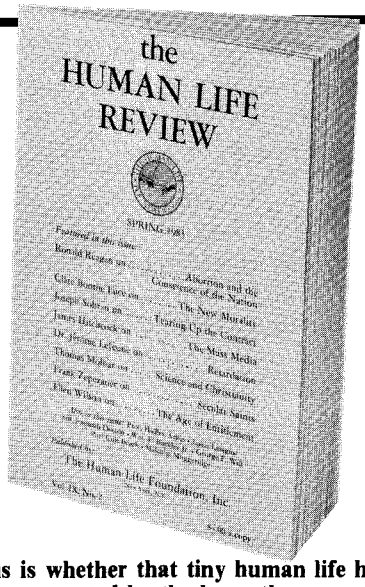

Yes, such "social issues" as abortion and infanticide are now being hotly debated across America, in the Congress, the churches, and even your daily newspaper. Yet there is only *one* publication that is devoted entirely to providing the very best articles available not only on abortion and "related" issues such as infanticide and "mercy killing" but also on the family, the problems of the aged, and much, much more. That publication is *The Human Life Review*, edited by J. P. McFadden.

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The HLR has become *part* of the "social issues" news. The current (Spring '83) issue features a major (over 3,500 words) article by President Ronald Reagan on "Abortion and the Conscience of the Nation" that became instant front-page news nationwide. Probably no other President—while in the White House—has written so powerful an article on such a controversial issue. For example, the President writes:

> **The real question today is not when human life begins, but, *What is the value of human life?* The abortionist who reassembles the arms and legs of a tiny baby to make sure all its parts have been torn from its mother's body can hardly doubt whether it is a human being. The real question for him and for all of us is whether that tiny human life has a God-given right to be protected by the law—the same right we have.**

The current issue also features articles by The Hon. Clare Boothe Luce and Malcolm Muggeridge, fine original essays by Joseph Sobran (on the Supreme Court) and Thomas Molnar (on science and religion), plus columns by Senator Jeremiah Denton, Wm. F. Buckley Jr., and George F. Will.

Also in the current issue are Ellen Wilson, Dr. Jerome LeJeune, James Hitchcock, Frank Zepezauer, Prof. Hadley Arkes, and Paul Cole Beach.

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for government can consider themselves the intellectual descendants of Burke, the author of a celebration of the state." But it should be obvious—even from the familiar snippets of the *Reflections* Will quotes—that Burke (a Whig, after all) was celebrating the role of law in human affairs, not any and all states, not the ambitious new state he saw across the Channel, not the lawless leviathan state we now know. And we of the *soi-disant* set want to recall government to its proper role, not abolish it. You cannot discuss reform without reference to form, Chesterton reminds us; but determining a thing's proper form requires an Aristotelian instinct for definition that this formless book sorely lacks.

Will never really tells us "what government does." We hear of a noble "ethic of common provision," meaning, concretely, the welfare state. You may want to know how this "ethic" can be limited in principle, or prevented, in practice, from sinking into a politics of mutual rapacity; Burke would surely want to know. But we are left to speculate for ourselves. Will's thesis is like a groggy fighter; you have to hold it up yourself if you want to hit it.

AND WHAT has happened to Will the stylist? Stuffiness has infected even his syntax, as witness these three sentences from a single paragraph: "The idea of such an affirmation may, but should not, seem paradoxical. . . . Today, the conservative affirmation of the welfare state should be grounded on, and conservative purposes for the welfare state should be derived from, three additional considerations. . . . A welfare state is certainly important to, and probably indispensable to, social cohesion . . ." This kind of prose does not sound like, and certainly was not caught from, Burke.

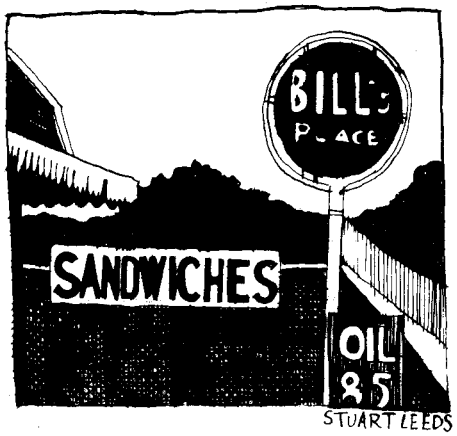
It is one thing to discuss the relation of virtue to politics. It is another to cant of virtue with an eye to the main chance. This is conservatism, properly understood? I call it a toothless, coffee-table Toryism, nicely calculated for liberal consumption, but short on serious answers to the questions it raises. The enemies of conservatism will be only too glad to grant its author diplomatic recognition as the representative of a cause they hate, as "spokesman" for people they prefer not to hear from. The worst of it is, he seems to be auditioning for the role. □

John Dickinson: Conservative Revolutionary
By Milton E. Flower
University Press of Virginia, 338 pp., $27.50

PENMAN OF THE REVOLUTION

M. E. BRADFORD

Of the many gifted men who played a significant role in the achievement of our national independence and in the establishment of a new general government, John Dickinson has been the most conspicuously neglected by later scholars. The twists and turns of Dickinson's career, the threads of thought and motive that combine and conceal his effort to be both English and American, the scope and variety of his writings, and the malice of his many enemies are a partial explanation of this oversight—as are Dickinson's habitual reserve and the mixture of Quaker humility and aristocratic hauteur in his public demeanor, qualities that puzzled and exasperated so many of his contemporaries, including his family and friends. A man who could in good conscience agree to be both the president of Delaware and the president of Pennsylvania at the same time is by any measure a considerable mystery, without the addition of any other complexities. But there are reasons more serious than these for the indifference of American political scientists and historians to this American Cicero: reasons suggested in Milton E. Flower's impressive *John Dickinson: Conservative Revolutionary*, the first modern biography of the "Penman of the Revolution."



The prevailing version of the intellectual content of the American Revolution is a sort of caricature organized around a selection of phrases from Jefferson, Paine, Franklin, Samuel Adams, and (rarely) Madison—a selection that emphasizes the secular theology of natural rights conceived as a paradigm with authority to restructure or condemn all political arrangements that fall short of its measure. The record of John Dickinson undermines that caricature: hence the studied silence concerning his career in the works of those savants who have a vested interest in distorting the origins of American politics. Thanks to Professor Flower, they will be forced to account for a record not easily manipulated to serve their tendentious ends.

The focus of the new biography is, of course, not on Dickinson's thought or on the interpretation of his many essays, remonstrances, expositions, and petitions, but instead on the shape and pattern of his political and private life. Flower has his hands full in reporting what Dickinson wrote and how those compositions relate to his conduct in positions of trust and responsibility. From the Stamp Act Congress in November 1765 through the Great Convention in 1787 (and for a few months afterward) John Dickinson stood in the midst of the political life of his people. He was involved in more of the moments of crisis in that period than any other American of his generation. He owed this situation on center stage to the skill with which he expressed the most popular version of the American position as it developed during the struggle with George III, Parliament, and Whitehall: that of the legalists, the moderate men and Old Whigs who, though distressed by British policy, were more concerned with preserving familiar "constitutional" liberties than with inventing new ones.

As author of *Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania* and the related "Farmer's Song" (often the anthem for Patriot gatherings), Dickinson became for a time the most famous and most generally admired man in all of North America. Then with a single act he cast away all of that eminence, to be thereafter, throughout the remainder of his long life, marked for suspicion and distrust. For, as his own writing, which fostered a just and measured resistance to the abuse of authority, had brought him renown, so his reaction to the writing

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RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME JUNE TITLES: David Evanier's novel, *The One-Star Jew* (North Point, $15)—14 stories in triumphant search of Bruce Orav, a middle-aged Jewish writer and magazine editor in New York—is getting excellent advance reviews.

Memory Babe: A Critical Biography of Jack Kerouac (Grove, $22.50), by Gerald Nicosia, partakes overly of its subject's prose and spirit, and makes unfortunate comparisons between his work and that of Shakespeare, Joyce, and Thomas Wolfe.

Lost in the Cosmos: The Last Self-Help Book (Farrar, $16.50), Walker Percy's first nonfiction book since *The Message in the Bottle*, is a study of the nonrelatedness of the modern self and its search for transcendence through art and science or, alternatively, drugs, sports, and sex.

In *The Hemingway Women* (Norton, $20), Bernice Kert offers sympathetic portraits of Hemingway's mother and his four wives, as well as other, more transient, females in the novelist's life. Though she clearly believes that he alternated between idealizing women and abusing them, she is by no means unsympathetic toward Hemingway himself.

The second volume of Maurice Friedman's three-volume biography of Martin Buber, *Martin Buber's Life and Work: The Middle Years, 1923-45* (Dutton, $25), covers the theologian's translation of the Old Testament into German, his advocacy of a reconciliation between Arabs and Jews and the creation of a bi-national state in Palestine, and other matters.

The Threat: Inside the Soviet Military Machine (Random House, $16.95), by Andrew Cockburn, is a masterpiece either of deceit or of self-deception. The author argues that Soviet military might has been deliberately exaggerated by the Reagan Administration and the American defense establishment in order to put the American economy on a kind of war footing. He considers the Soviet army badly trained and equipped, the T-62 tank unreliable, the Soviet navy primarily a defensive institution. —CW

of another, more violent Whig resulted in his isolation—and a great division among the friends of liberty.

Dickinson thought the Declaration of Independence premature. He wished to wait upon a little more experience of the Howe expedition, of war by German mercenaries in the service of an English king, before we made our case against tyranny. But, more fundamentally, he refused to sign the instrument of separation because he disliked Jefferson's language, its "vehemence" and propensity to alienate the natural leaders of the American communities represented in the Continental Congress. Intellectually, he knew that independence would come, but he could accept it only as a desperate last resort. Anything else was, in Flower's phrase, "emotionally impossible."

Indeed, John Dickinson was unable to conceive of his America as altogether outside the stream of English history. He was uneasy about the future of Delaware and Pennsylvania once yoked to a Puritan New England and foresaw the danger of a civil war. But he was even more afraid of popular support for a freedom not embodied in or restrained by the circumstantial limitations of a fundamental law: a replacement for the English Constitution, which, as a barrister and graduate of the Inns of Court (1757), he reverenced above all the other contrivances of the mind of man. Therefore, when the Revolution appeared to be a necessity, he could contemplate it only in the unrevolutionary language of continuity: ". . . let us seek a new establishment as the Pius Aeneas did." All of Dickinson's career is summarized in his refusal to affirm the Declaration. Though Flower lacks sympathy for this painful choice, he enables us to understand it and the courage it required.

John Dickinson: Conservative Revolutionary is packed with corrective information on Dickinson's family, his business, his benevolence, his relations with the Quakers, and his roles in the governments of his states. In all of these parts he was a preserver in word and deed—as he had been at the Continental Congress. He was also a post-1688 historical conservative, despite an occasional nod toward "Mr. Locke." The same generalization obtains with reference to Dickinson's performance as a Framer at the Constitutional Convention, where he assumed the posture of the moderate Federalist, opposed to both consolidation and a government unable to pay its bills. In this context he originated the proposal for a compromise on representation for the states and uttered his classic warning against politics by system and *a priori* positions. Then, after defending the new Constitution in his *Letters of Fabius*, he retired to the repose of his plantation and his graceful house in Wilmington—from which shelters he issued surprising opinions and generally supported the policies of Thomas Jefferson.

Flower tells all of this story. He is generous in supporting his narrative with quotations from letters little known, and rightly calls for an edition of Dickinson's papers. But even without this formal gathering we are, with this biography, provided with a point of departure for recovering the almost forgotten dialectic with which the Republic began, and some impetus for resuming that conversation as it pertains to our present circumstances in a house very often divided, though still intact. □

Chronicle of a Death Foretold
By Gabriel García Márquez
Knopf, 120 pp., $10.95

A DEATH FORETOLD

D. KEITH MANO

What is an event? History and fiction entertain different prejudices in this matter. The conscientious historian should presume that an event will select itself: significance derived from symbolic or real collisions with human necessity. But in fiction an intelligence must precede happening. And the resonance of any event can be distorted or inflated by close attention. Buck Mulligan may enter with his shaving equipment and—if there is artistic recommendation enough—an imperial occurrence can be made from that nugatory incident. Imagination has interfered to organize and point up consequence. *Chronicle* is, at one level, a simile for the fiction-making process. Here we are given events that, in some genuine sense, exist—lie formed by history—*before* they occur. And a townful of people—through their action, thought, custom, laziness, pride, willful negligence, through their unconscious art—create this plot-which-was-real. The irony is: that having created it, they cannot avert it. No second draft is possible: even in art, where free will would seem to be most free, a determinism, a manifest destiny, still presides.

Here is a flash recap. Small, maggoty South or Central American river village. Last night there was a wedding of unprecedented opulence between Angela Vicario (local girl) and rich stranger,

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Bayardo San Román. Everyone is hungover but good. At 11 P.M., however, the groom found that his bride was not, as labeled, a virgin. Bayardo returns Angela, on consignment, so to speak. Angela, beaten like a piñata by her family, will finger one Santiago Nasar. Nasar may be innocent: certainly no evidence beyond that accusation is adduced. Still the two Vicario brothers must kill Nasar: it is required by convention. All morning long they will announce their purpose. With three or four exceptions everyone in town knows what is going to happen: each could intervene. And the Vicarios would probably like that: their reluctance is obvious. Furthermore, no one has any particular gripe against Nasar. He is, nonetheless, butchered miserably in the public square.

A NAMELESS narrator has come back. (Some 27 years, mind you, after Santiago Nasar was turned to human piecework.) Neither he nor the town can stop riding this hobbyhorse.

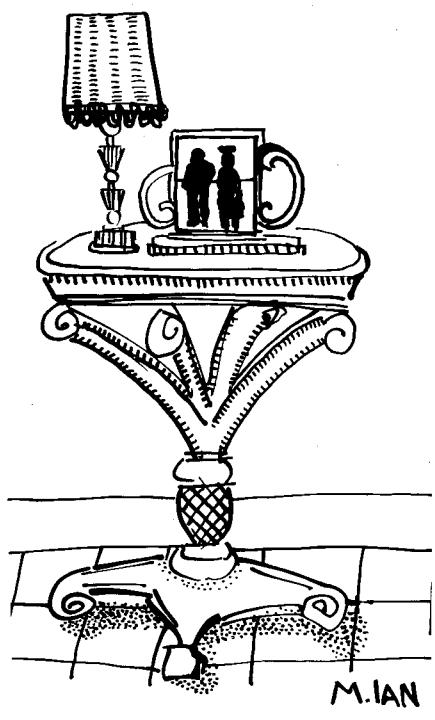
> For years we couldn't talk about anything else. Our daily conduct, dominated then by so many linear habits, had suddenly begun to spin around a single common anxiety. The cocks of dawn would catch us trying to give order to the chain of many chance events that had made absurdity possible, and it was obvious that we weren't doing it from an urge to clear up mysteries but because none of us could go on living without an exact knowledge of the place and the mission assigned to us by fate.

Now that formulation, with all respect to García Márquez, is somewhat self-propelled. I don't believe it. No matter what the event, populations don't lie awake for a quarter-century grave-robbing their moral reminiscence. The linear habit will reassert itself. García Márquez's narrator—who previously has employed splendid sparse, aromatic, and elliptical prose—is indulging himself here. For one moment at least García Márquez doesn't trust the event, its portentousness or imagic value.

Otherwise his attack is stark and, given García Márquez's purpose, proper enough. Because the narrator is examining an essentially novelistic occurrence, he has been sequestered as a juror might be. He cannot comment or probe: and this rather kiln-dries the novel. Angela, Bayardo, Santiago are left without development or chiaroscuro. They seem cryptic and surface-hard: film characters really. And there must be no surprise—art here lies in the event itself. That, to start with, is García Márquez's conceit. Angela, we don't know, might have taken her own virginity. Nor will we ever understand why rich Bayardo came to this unmarked burial of a town. *Chronicle* has become myth: as you don't ask for the psychohistory of Parsifal or Gawain, you must accept Angela, Bayardo, Santiago. But beyond García Márquez's glass-brick-hard style (redone brilliantly, as usual, by Greg Rabassa in English), beyond a Warren Report-meticulous detective reconstruction, it is hard to care much for these people. Emotion, you see, might skew our clarity. No character—even when he or she is presumed real—should elude an author's control.

The trial record will be introduced. An investigating judge "never thought it legitimate that life should make use of so many coincidences forbidden literature, so that there should be the untrammeled fulfillment of a death so clearly foretold."

García Márquez, I think, is over-indicating here. The events, though pretty sensational, aren't full of unbelievable coincidence. Life often has taken greater poetic license. What will distinguish this happening is the intensity of examination both by his townspeople and by his narrator. Intensity that seems somewhat forced. At one point the narrator, obsessive, will claim that he must put a "broken mirror of memory back together again from so many shards." But memory doesn't just reflect. In general, I wish García Márquez hadn't surrendered so many of the devices and perquisites that belong to fiction: subjectivity, shifting POV, omniscience, judgment, plot surprise. Form is, of course, an artistic choice. García Márquez has given his choice excellent service. But more might have been essayed. After all every death is, to some degree, foretold. □



The Mosquito Coast
By Paul Theroux
Houghton Mifflin, 374 pp., $13.95

AN AMERICAN CRANK

GEORGE P. McCARTNEY

Allie Fox, the magnificently cranky hero of Paul Theroux's novel of American disenchantment, describes himself as the nation's "last man." This cigar-chomping Yankee inventor is not afraid to speak his unsparing judgments. He has the pioneer's self-sufficient spirit and cares not a whit for the good opinion of others. "America's in gridlock," he summarily announces. It's "a toilet, . . . a dope-taking, door-locking ulcerated danger zone of rabid scavengers and criminal millionaires and moral sneaks; and look at the schools; and look at the politicians; and there are people in New York City who live on pet food, who would kill you for a little loose change." What else can you expect from a nation in which the hottest "new growth industry" is the "retail porn trade"? Allie refuses to send his children to schools filled with "illiterate students" supervised by "subliterate teachers" more apt to assign fingerpainting than reading. Even "Harvard was play." He had to leave it to get an education.

Like all Jeremiahs, Allie censures vice and folly with prophetic exaggeration, but in his raving we recognize the undeniable trends of our time.

Not willing to watch his children cheeseburgered and videoed into the malleable soft-headedness that has proven so profitable for the purveyors of "junk and hideola," Allie decides to light out for unknown territories where he can re-invent America as it should be. Taking his wife and four children, he goes to Honduras in search of a spot of earth where no one has eaten a Big Mac, ogled a *Playboy* centerfold, or

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vibrated to the noise of the Rolling Stones. Like Jay Gatsby, but with far grander intentions, he wants to repeat the past and get things right this time. But Allie is no sentimental back-to-nature environmentalist. He fully subscribes to the original American project of putting nature at man's disposal. His quarrel is not with twentieth century ingenuity but with the profiteers who selfishly resist genuine technological growth whenever it threatens their economic privilege.

Allie is devoted to efficiency and cannot abide compromising it for short-term financial gains. Although he is an inventor of genius with 17 patents registered to his name, he has not made any money from his gadgets nor is he interested in profits. Instead, he is determined to perfect the imperfect world by means of his technical know-how. And in Honduras he does so for a while. Within months of his arrival, he has transformed a malarial backwater village of Zambu Indians and Honduran half-castes into a self-sustaining technological miracle complete with irrigated farmland, sanitary drainage, hot and cold running water, flush toilets, and pedal-driven boats. All this he accomplishes with the left-over construction materials and discarded machinery he has collected on his journey into the Honduran interior. Of course, the villagers think him a god sent to work miracles in their midst. They follow him worshipfully, listening attentively but without the remotest comprehension as he tries to educate them in the ways of American self-reliance and the Yankee can-do spirit. Ironically, his version of the true America of self-determination falls on ears deaf to everything but the call to discipleship.

Here Theroux's novel darkens into a Conradian fable. Faced with these reverential villagers, Allie cannot resist the lure of deification. A stout atheist, he is fond of pointing out that a self-respecting God would have finished his handiwork rather than leave it as botched as the world so obviously is. All he asks is the opportunity to complete the job the absent creator has left behind. But, like Conrad's Mr. Kurtz, the wilderness finds him out. Set free from civilized restraints, even the attenuated restraints of a demoralized society, he slides toward megalomania. He overreaches himself when he builds a fire-driven hydrogen and ammonia refrigeration system so that he can produce the miracle of ice in the tropics. "It's a little like being God," he whispers to his son. With this remark, he steps over the edge. Soon his voice is filling the wilderness with madly extravagant projects. He plans to dynamite and channel the meandering tropical rivers into straight lines that will efficiently accommodate his travels. He rhapsodizes about drilling five thousand feet beneath the ground to tap the earth's geothermic energy. Allie's Honduras becomes another heart of darkness as he struggles to contract the world to the measure of his mind.

Allie's son, Charlie, narrates all this and more with a mixture of awe and horror. (Is he named Charlie to echo Conrad's Charlie Marlow, another sane consciousness bearing sympathetic witness to revelatory madness?) But this is as much of the plot as should be discussed. While this novel has some big ideas on its mind, it should be enjoyed first for the good adventure story it is. To say more would be unfair.

As for the big ideas, well, yes, Prometheus and Daedalus can be seen hovering in the mythic backdrop while Melville and Conrad wrestle with Emersonian optimism downstage. It's all

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here: the fate of Western civilization, the American second chance, twentieth century despair, the threat of dehumanizing technology. Although the action occasionally staggers under this weight, Theroux carries it off with far more grace than we might expect from someone shouldering such hefty ambitions. And while he is not telling us anything new (novelists rarely do), by giving these considerations such cranky expression in Allie Fox, he makes us feel their urgency afresh, and that is all we can ask of the teller of tales. □

Charles Ryder's Schooldays and Other Stories
By Evelyn Waugh
Little, Brown, 292 pp., $12.95

RYDER REDUX

TERRY TEACHOUT

Little, Brown has served the blessed memory of Evelyn Waugh rather poorly in recent years, relegating his full-length novels to a dismal series of cheap-looking volumes printed from old and unrevised plates, and making no effort at all to reissue any of Waugh's shorter fiction, *The Loved One* excepted. In the wake of the *Brideshead Revisited* boom, however, all things are possible, at least temporarily; and so we now have *Charles Ryder's Schooldays and Other Stories*, the first collection of Waugh's short stories to appear in this country since 1954.

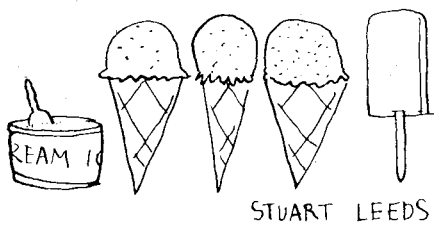
As usual with Little, Brown, *Charles Ryder's Schooldays* is a quickie job: a reprint of the 1939 *Mr. Loveday's Little Outing and Other Sad Stories* with the newly discovered title story tacked on at the end, and prominently proclaimed on the dust-jacket. There is no preface; so a bit of background information may be in order.

"Yesterday I read my Lancing diaries through with unmixed shame," reads Evelyn Waugh's diary entry for September 25, 1945, four months after the initial public edition of *Brideshead Revisited* appeared. The next entry (October 2) reveals that Waugh had begun "a novel of school life in 1919—as untopical a theme as could be found"; and the entry for October 28, Waugh's 42nd birthday, also alludes to "the school story." This "school story," which is not mentioned again in the diaries, was to have been a novel about the pre-Oxford life of Charles Ryder, the narrator of *Brideshead Revisited*. Only one chapter of *Charles Ryder's Schooldays*, a 12,500-word manuscript titled "Ryder by Gas-Light" and dated October 13, 1945, survives; A. D. Peters, Waugh's literary agency, fortuitously discovered a misfiled typescript of this chapter a year and a half ago. The original, handwritten manuscript was subsequently located in the Waugh archive at the University of Texas.

Although "Charles Ryder's Schooldays" (unlike *Brideshead Revisited*) is cast in the form of a third-person narrative, it contains several fictional entries from a diary kept by Ryder during September of 1919, the same month in which Waugh, then a student at Lancing College, began keeping a diary of his own. A comparison of fictional and real diaries reveals that Waugh incorporated a wealth of autobiographical detail—some of it picked up almost verbatim from his own diary, although the young Waugh is a conspicuously better writer than the young Ryder—into his unfinished sketch of Charles Ryder's early life.

The word "sketch" should be emphasized, since the surviving portion of Waugh's "school story" is only a suggestive fragment. In its present form it is nowhere near as valuable as, say, the two long chapters of an abandoned novel that Waugh published in 1941 as *Work Suspended*. Nevertheless, "Charles Ryder's Schooldays" is a fascinating pendant to *Brideshead Revisited*.

The 11 other stories reprinted in *Charles Ryder's Schooldays* are of mixed interest, the short story never really having been Evelyn Waugh's *métier*. Two, however, are first-rate ("Mr. Loveday's Little Outing" and "Excursion in Reality," the latter an obvious model for Christopher Isherwood's *Prater Violet*) and the remainder at least entertaining, while considerable curiosity value attaches to both "By Special Request," the "happy ending" Waugh supplied for the American serialization of *A Handful of Dust*, and "Incident in Azania," which is to *Black Mischief* as "Charles Ryder's Schooldays" is to *Brideshead Revisited*.



It is a pity that Little, Brown chose to base the present collection on the 1939 *Mr. Loveday's Little Outing and Other Sad Stories* instead of its own 1954 compilation *Tactical Exercise*, which drops four of the weaker pre-war items in favor of *Work Suspended*, the 1953 novella *Love among the Ruins*, and a pair of stories written after the publication of *Mr. Loveday's Little Outing*. One must be grateful for whatever largesse the renewed popularity of *Brideshead Revisited* has inspired, I suppose; but a novella omnibus containing *Work Suspended*, *Love among the Ruins*, *Scott-King's Modern Europe*, and *Basil Seal Rides Again* would go far toward expiating the past and present sins of Little, Brown, while a second volume of Waugh's journalism and literary criticism would easily be worth a plenary indulgence. Since Charles Ryder and his friends are back in the public eye, let us not repine: there is still hope. □

FILM

MEN IN WHITE

JOHN SIMON

Jan Troell's *The Flight of the Eagle* is a deep and noble film of great and subtle artistry about which it is impossible to write cogently after only one viewing, and that a couple of months ago. So I have the choice of writing a very inadequate review, or of filling you in about the sad background of this film and about what prevented me from reseeing it.

The Flight of the Eagle is based on the true story of Major S. A. Andrée, a Swedish hero or fanatic or both, who believed he could conquer the North Pole for his country by balloon. An engineer with very little experience of actual ballooning, he had the charisma to get such diverse figures as King Oscar II and Alfred Nobel to finance the construction of the *Eagle*, as the huge hydrogen balloon was named, despite expert testimony on the impracticability of the quixotic scheme. In 1896, contrary winds made the takeoff impossi-

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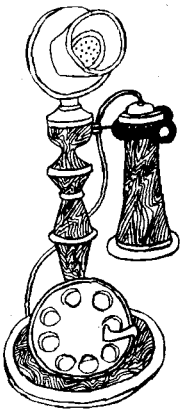

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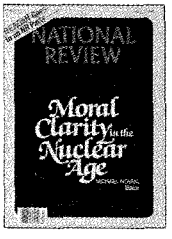

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ble; stung in his pride, Andrée set off from Spitsbergen the following summer in spite of not much better winds, goaded on by ambition, the cheers of a crowd of journalists and dignitaries, the blaring of an army band. He had the blind faith of one crew member, the sensitive young Nils Strindberg (a distant relative of the playwright's), and the sardonic, needling camaraderie of the other fellow, the husky, down-to-earth Knut Fraenkel. Two of the three navigational guide lines were lost immediately, and they could—should—have quit. But Andrée, driven and intransigent, preferred death (his and the others') to dishonor, and his colleagues, inspired or bewitched, complied, soon frantically tossing ballast, and even much-needed food, out of the snow-encrusted balloon.

Within three days, they were grounded—or, rather, ice-floed; Fraenkel and Strindberg favored walking south, the likeliest way to unlikely salvation. But Andrée, hoping at least for scientific fame, imposed an eastward trek for the exploring of uncharted regions. For three months the men struggled on heroically against cold, deprivation, and progress-foiling ice drift. Andrée was conducting maniacally scrupulous tests; Fraenkel distinguished himself as a hunter and ironic, morale-building jokester; and Strindberg, when not writing letters to his pianist fiancée, took photographs of the expedition. As the men became more and more ravaged and exhausted, eating polar-bear meat that seems to have given Strindberg fatal trichinosis, their infighting and underlying mutual loyalty increased *pari passu* with the dwindling of their hopes. Strindberg, the most delicate, was first to die; then (according to the film) Fraenkel, mauled in his sleep by a bear. Finally, there was only Andrée, keeping his diary to the end. In 1930, a ship discovered their remains at their last, island-based camp. The diary and letters were fairly well preserved, though chewed on by bears; 34 of the photographs could be developed perfectly. Troell's color film includes these even starker, black-and-white snapshots; they blend seamlessly into the magnificent work that earns the right to incorporate these lacerating, sublime documents.

After a state funeral, the trio became national heroes, even though some perceived Andrée as an unhinged megalomaniac. This unsympathetic view was espoused by Per Olof Sundman's fine documentary novel, *The Flight of the Eagle*, in 1967. Though the movie version is partly based on this book, Troell swings the balance more toward Andrée's heroism and good faith, while not overlooking the man's problematic aspects. Troell also takes some liberties: he has Fraenkel die before Andrée, for instance, and invents the bear-mauling in the absence of a stated cause for the last survivor's death. But he is very faithful in other respects: to Andrée's

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unfleshly love affair with a married woman and excessive devotion to his mother (both probable signs of latent homosexuality), and to all sorts of visual and narrative details for which he was as much of a stickler as Andrée for his scientific measurements.

Troell is, I think, a filmmaker of genius whom we have too long described as "second only to Ingmar Bergman." On the strength of such films as *Here Is Your Life*, *The Emigrants*, *The New Land*, and the marvelous short *Stopover in the Marshlands* (as well as some interesting lesser pictures), it seems more just to place him side by side with Bergman, who always admired and encouraged him. But the first three films I adduce were seen in the U.S. in savagely cut and mangled versions (a polar bear couldn't have done a better job on them), and the fourth hardly at all. It is in Troell's nature to make long films that, moreover, face up to unpleasant truths with signal honesty. So they incur chopping. A film brimful of questionable moral uplift, e.g., *Gandhi*, or exuding turbulently crowd-pleasing mendacity, e.g., *The Deer Hunter*, is allowed to be as long as it pleases; a morally impassioned work of truth-telling art had better be under two hours or else.

The Flight of the Eagle was cut down from four to three hours by Troell for German television, which so presented it. Jörn Donner, then head of the Swedish Film Institute and chief producer of the film, viewed it in this version with the representative of BBC television; the two men arrived at the screening late and talked through it frequently and loudly, to the discomfiture of others. Then Donner, himself a filmmaker, demanded cuts that Troell, under the circumstances, was more than usually loath to make. Still, the director (who is always both cameraman and cutter on his films) edited the work down to a two-hour-twenty-minute version that opened in Sweden to mixed response.

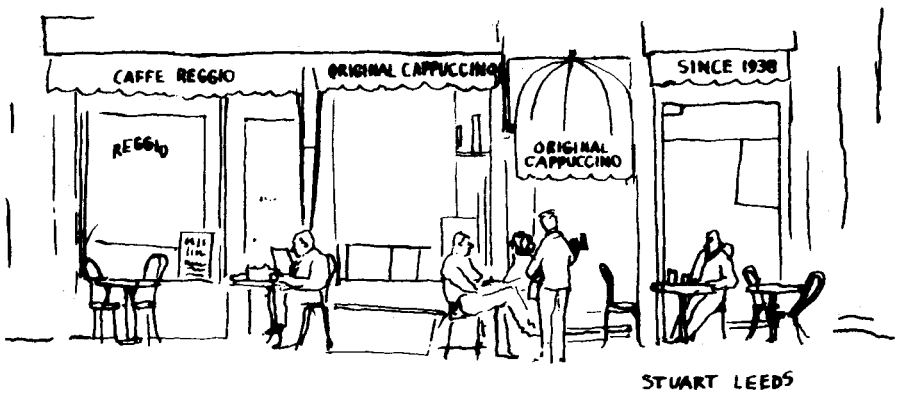
Bought for America by Summit Feature Distributors, a small West Coast outfit, the film was promptly handed back to Troell for twenty more minutes' cutting, the longer version to be shown only in New York, possibly in Los Angeles, and to the MPA board that nominated it for the foreign-language Oscar. At a dinner with Troell and one of the heads of Summit, I pleaded for nationwide presentation of the 140-minute version—any further cutting would be vandalism if not sacrilege. For whatever reason, the man from Summit relented, and no two-hour version was made. As it is, in his very favorable but less than "money" review in the *New York Times*, Vincent Canby regretted that the film did not tell more of the earlier lives of the three balloonists; left to his own devices, Troell would have been only too glad to oblige.

Quite predictably, the senescent idiots who preponderate in the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—seconded, no doubt, by some of the younger academicians—chose a pedestrian Spanish film full of high sentiments and geriatric puppy love to crown (or bean) with the Oscar. This worthy turkey is now running, whereas the *Eagle*—without so much as a warning ("Last Four Days," etc.)—plummeted out of sight from the single New York theater where it was playing. How it has fared in L.A., I don't know—or whether it even opened in other cities. Ironically, the film closed here just as Pauline Kael's ecstatic and potentially life-prolonging review came out in *The New Yorker*—too late to do any good, Miss Kael's month-long vacation having delayed its appearance by several crucial weeks.

LET ALL THIS enlighten you about the vagaries of circumstance—or human stupidity—hounding a great film. But let me also urge you to read, in the May 16 *New Yorker*, Miss Kael's ample and perceptive review, to which, after one seeing and at this distance, I can add but little. Troell's mastery lies in the rhythm of his editing; in the incisive details of sight, sound, and spoken word; in the austere restraint with which the most heart-rending scenes are presented, with camera placements and movements that, without calling attention to themselves, are nevertheless so apt as to make even a crusty old skeptic like me forget that he is watching a movie; and in the overwhelming but, again, unpretentious cinematography, all done on location—if not as far north as where the explorers perished, certainly farther north than most other filmmakers would venture. The film has a beauty that first enchants, then hurts—not only as sadness hurts, but also as so much truth does in the process of making us understand.

Jan Troell—a quiet, unassuming yet also wonderfully dogged man—works with utmost ingenuity. Who else would have had young female ballet students long observe the polar bears at the zoo, learn their movements, and then, in bearskins, enact the most authentic on-screen polar bears ever—not excluding real ones (in documentaries), which, being amateurs, lack professional acting skills. The great wonder, however, is, as I said, in the rhythm, as, for instance, the doomed explorers recall scenes from the past or envision others in the future. Most strikingly, young Strindberg's visions of himself and his beloved burst forth suddenly in passionate summer colors from the polar whites, greys, and steel blues, only to be swallowed up by them just as suddenly.

Troell and his three co-scenarists were experts at conjuring up the slow, grinding stages of the three men's deterioration, their bickerings, and eventual desperate symbiosis; and also at chronicling the awesome phases of the emotionally frozen Andrée's spiritual thawing out even as their bodies succumb to the Arctic ice. But the earlier scenes of preparation, confrontation, and celebration are no less exciting. Brilliant, too, is the makeup that achingly chronicles the inroads of frostbite into the men's faces, and the sparing, suggestive hinting to which Hans Erik Philip's music limits itself. Max von Sydow is surely one of the greatest screen actors of our time, and his final scenes, as Andrée, with the Nor-



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wegian actor Sverre Anker Ousdal, as Fraenkel, are as moving as any I have ever seen. But Göran Stangertz, as Strindberg, and the rest are not a whit behind—yet another of the miracles Troell has carried off in this film. Wherever, however you can manage, buy, beg, bribe, or browbeat your way into it. □

SOUND ON DISC

THE INNOVATORS

RALPH de TOLEDANO

When the young Mozart wrote his first piece for piano and orchestra, he was still tied to the *Gesellschaftsmusik* of the rococo concerto, in which the piano went its own way, with the orchestra in friendly accompaniment. In his middle period, he made the piano and the other instruments equals. By the time he wrote the D-minor concerto (No. 20), the score had become a dialogue and he had imbued the form he had created with lyricism, introspection, orchestral variety, and the *bel canto* of his operas. The last piano concertos are therefore more than a monument to his abounding genius; Nos. 21, 24, 26, and 27 in particular, decisively breaking the bonds of classicism, are the landmark from which Beethoven ventured to create his own great five.

I would not be honest if I said that in the past days I have listened to all of Mozart's piano concertos. That would take some twenty hours of steady listening and lead to utter satiety. But I have had in my hand a boxed set of the complete concertos, issued by Blue Angel (1738 Allied Street, Charlottesville, Va. 22901—telephone: 800-446-7964)—12 LPs in all. Beginning at No. 1, I listened to many, skipped some, and sampled others. Where possible I tested Daniel Barenboim's playing and conducting by comparing these German HMV/Electrola/EMI recordings (with the English Chamber Orchestra) to older performances by Schnabel, Casadesus, and others. It may be heresy, but I have settled on Barenboim.

It takes a special kind of sensibility to play or conduct Mozart. Toscanini, who could be superlative with some composers, tended to make Mozart sound like the Lone Ranger, and there are pianists who feel that it is enough to let their fingers do the walking through the score. But as Gabriel Fauré once wrote, Mozart's piano concertos are "particularly difficult to play." Not that they demand knuckle-busting dexterity; but Mozart's "admirable clarity exacts absolute cleanness." And cleanness is more difficult to produce than pyrotechnic displays. (To read Corneille *well*, I contend, requires more art than to read Verlaine; there are no *sanglots longs* to provide cover.)

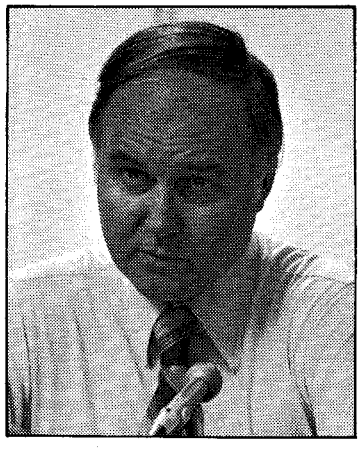
There is cleanness in Barenboim's performance. Soloists who also conduct sometimes favor themselves over the orchestra, but he never falls into that pit. And because he has taken to heart Saint-Saëns's dictum that in Mozart "all the notes must be heard," there is frequently a sense of discovery in Barenboim's renditions. For example, lovely little syncopes are heard in the D-minor that seem to have been lost by Schnabel and the others. (To be fair about it, this loss may be due to the inferior recording techniques available when earlier soloists sat in the studio.) But these considerations aside, perhaps the greatest virtue of this collection of Mozart's 27 piano concertos is that they are all there, allowing us to roam backward and forward in this great garden of music and to hear singing among the violins, the woodwinds, and the piano the voice of *Don Giovanni.*

GBS, who as Corno di Bassetto convinced Londoners that his outrageous platitudes about music were outrageously outrageous, wrote that Gluck "carried Mozart in his arms." His point was that Gluck's "reform" of *opera seria* was a precursor to *Don Giovanni.* But if you listen carefully to Gluck's first great opera, *Orfeo ed Euridice*, you can not escape the fact that the considerable influence he indeed had on Mozart was not on the operatic writings but on the Masses, particularly the Great Mass in C minor. Change the libretto of *Orfeo* and it becomes a Christian statement.

Like Mozart, Gluck was an innovator, but his innovations turned back instead of forward. His *Orfeo* was the first step in returning the posturings of the *opera seria* to the Greek amalgam of poetry and music, eliminating the *recitativo secco* (solo voice against the dry pluckings of the harpsichord), restoring the effulgence of the chorus, and

CONFESSION OF A CATHOLIC

Michael Novak



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returning the orchestra to its rightful place as a partner in the expression of musical ideas. The *Orfeo* is, of course, more oratorio than opera—with no movement on stage necessary—whereas Mozart's operas are both drama and music. (What greater stage business can you find than Leporello's catalogue?)

I confess that the *Orfeo*, which I rank very high for its clean-cut beauty, is the only one of Gluck's operas with which I can claim any real familiarity. (The *Alceste*, I am aware, was an even fuller statement of the interrelationship of music, poetry, and psycho-drama.) But the *Orfeo* will do for me, particularly in its latest recording by Riccardo Muti, a conductor I increasingly respect, the Ambrosian Opera Chorus, and the Philharmonia Orchestra (Angel/EMI DSBX-3922). On the first playing of this album, I thought that perhaps Orpheus was some ultra-lyric tenor. (Gluck wrote the part for a castrato.) But it is sung by the Greek mezzo-soprano Agnes Baltsa, a singer of great talent and richly fulfilling voice. I have a simplistic way of judging recordings: How often do I replay them? My long-suffering neighbors can testify to my high regard for the Muti *Orfeo*.

A note of disappointment. I love T. S. Eliot and I adore cats, especially those of the Siamese persuasion. So a recording of Eliot's *Practical Cats* by Robert Donat (Angel/EMI 37972) should have been a great occasion. But Donat has neither the dry acerbity of Eliot nor the normal cynicism of the average feline. The reading is bland, at least to me—but others may like it. I still feel that it should have been read by a misanthropic stand-up comedian, with background music by Ernst Krenek. On the reverse side, Dame Edith Evans recites twenty Shakespeare sonnets, but she too is bland. The reading should have been marinated in *eau de fleur d'oranger*, oregano, and a touch of lemon. □

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TRAVEL

ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS

LINDA BRIDGES

The Orient Express . . . the very name sounds of mystery and adventure. Actually, though, the Venice Simplon-Orient-Express is not particularly adventurous, except in the way that all trains are adventurous. The lingering ghosts of Mata Hari and Magda Lupescu, of Sir Basil Zaharoff and King Boris III of Bulgaria, are quiet and unobtrusive. You don't relive Agatha Christie or Graham Greene. Instead, you spend approximately 24 hours in a very beautiful moving place—not a toy or a museum piece, but a living revival of luxury travel.

In fact, there are two Orient Expresses running today. In the late Seventies, as the old Orient Express was grinding to a halt, two independent projects were undertaken to give new life to the legendary train. Rolling stock from the 1920s was bought up; scores of craftsmen were hired to restore or recreate the marquetry paneling, the etched glass, the sumptuous upholstery, and to bring the undercarriages up to present-day safety standards.

The train that got into operation first—the Nostalgic Orient Express—on the route from Zurich to Istanbul, makes stops along the way at tourist attractions in various now-Communist coun-

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THE RIGHT BOOKS

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

FOLLOWING HIS meeting with Yuri Andropov on the occasion of the funeral of Leonid Brezhnev, Vice President George Bush remarked:

> My view on Andropov is that some people make this KGB thing sound horrendous. Maybe I speak defensively as a former head of the CIA. But leave out the operational side of the KGB—the naughty things they occasionally do. Here's a man who has had access to a tremendous amount of intelligence over the years. In my judgment he would be much less apt to misread the intentions of the United States. And you know and I know that the Democrats and the Republicans in the U.S. would not just go out and make war on the Soviet Union. And that is something which, I think, a political boss out of a Vladivostok or a Leningrad might be less apt to know than a man who ran the intelligence organization. That offers potential. . . .

So many disquieting habits of mind flicker in the depths of that passage that one is almost distracted from the central question it poses, namely: How justifiable is the Vice President's optimistic view of the new General Secretary?

Not very, is Martin Ebon's answer in his new book, *The Andropov File* (McGraw-Hill, $16.95), which discusses the "life and ideas" of Mr. Andropov against the historical and cultural background of his barbaric government. The American press has made much of Andropov's taste for American furniture, whisky, and jazz; yet, as Ebon notes, "in public utterances [he] has made over a period of some twenty years, his much-touted sophistication about America could not be observed." Last fall, Andropov warned: "We are well aware that the imperialists will never meet one's plea for peace," and pledged himself to "the indomitable might of the Soviet armed forces." Nothing he has said since, particularly on the subject of "arms control" (how can journalists use the phrase without irony?), contradicts the spirit of those words.

Andropov was born in 1914 into a working-class family in the town of Nagutskaya (now Stavropol) in southern Russia. He was educated at the Rybinsk Water Transportation Technicum and at the University of Petrozavodsk, trained as a movie-theater projectionist, and worked as a telegraph operator and as a sailor with the Volga Shipping Lines. He joined the Komsomol (Communist Youth League) and worked his way upward to become a full member of the Communist Party in 1939, the climb having been much facilitated by Stalin's purges, which magically removed obstacles at every step. During the Second World War he was transferred to the Karelian Soviet Socialist Republic, where he was First Secretary of the Komsomol Central Committee, and where he learned, by observing the struggles of the Finns, the dangers posed by freedom fighters.

IN 1951 Andropov was appointed to the CPSU Central Committee, and, in 1953, to the post of ambassador to Hungary, in which he remained for four years, leaving behind a reputation for duplicity. In 1957 he was made head of a new Central Committee department formed to coordinate Communist parties in the socialist republics, and traveled to Hanoi and similar cockpits of international revolution. (At the time of his accession to the post of General Secretary, Andropov had never set foot in a non-socialist country.) There followed a 15-year stint as head of the KGB, during which he put the agency on a more professional, and even more unscrupulous, basis.

"Chances are," Ebon writes,

> that the non-Soviet world will be tempted to project more of its hopes on the Andropov regime than is realistic. Yuri Andropov, a man close to seventy when he took office in the Kremlin, does not have much time. He belongs to an interim generation, still trapped in the adulation of an ideology that does not recognize human nature, that ignores the needs of the human spirit. Andropov can succeed within the narrow confines in which he finds himself; another man, another generation, will have a better chance to join the rest of mankind. □

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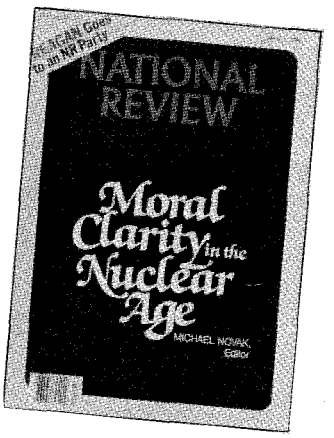

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tries. The Venice Simplon-Orient-Express, on the other hand, is run not as a tour train but as transportation, between London and Venice via the Simplon Tunnel. The fare, including sleeper, is $595 per person, one way; less if you board or debark at one of the two intermediate stops (Paris, Milan).

How can two different trains claim the right to the same historic name? In this case, quite legitimately: over its ninety-odd years of life (this year, as it happens, is its centennial) the old Orient Express had more than half a dozen variant routes; each of the new trains follows part of those routes. But shouldn't the Orient Express go to . . . the Orient? James Sherwood, president of the Sea Containers/SeaCo Group, who conceived the VSOE, answers charmingly: "In 1204, the Venetians sacked Constantinople and brought back all the great art treasures of the Byzantine period to Venice. You can see them in Venice now, so why go all the way to Istanbul?" (SeaCo also owns the Hotel Cipriani in Venice.)

For those who start in London, as my friend and I did, the trip begins just before noon under the marvelous glass roof of Victoria Station. At the platform, employees of the line, wearing Twenties-style uniforms (brown, to match the Pullman cars), give you your seat and sleeping-compartment assignments and take your baggage. (Since the train used for the hour-and-a-half-long English portion of the trip is made up entirely of restaurant cars, you are strongly advised to check your heavy luggage until the other side of the Channel.) Thus disencumbered you stroll down the line of cars looking for yours. Each car sports a nameplate, and each, of course, has a history. Ours, Minerva, was built in 1927 by the Midland Railroad Carriage Works; she was used on the *Devon Belle* and the *Golden Arrow*, and was residing in the Lytham Creek Railway Museum when she was purchased for the VSOE.

Once in your car, a waiter shows you to your table, where you sit in high-backed plush wing chairs that wear handsome lace antimacassars, with the VSOE logo worked in. Among the flowers and geometrical patterns in the wood paneling, even the notice warning you not to pull the communication cord is of inlaid wood. Presently, the waiter comes by with champagne; once the train has crossed the Thames and is pulling south through Battersea, he serves celery soup and more champagne; the rain-soaked fields of Kent accompany cold roast beef, potato salad, and claret, followed by a lovely chocolate mousse, coffee, and more champagne. If the waiters don't have *quite* the balletic grace of the old Pullman waiters in our country, give them time: luxury train travel has been out of fashion, and a new generation needs to be brought up to it.

After the amazingly lush fields of Kent, the astringency of Folkestone's cliffs and the sea comes almost as a relief. Here we leave the train for the ninety-minute Channel crossing. One section of the regular Sealink ferry has been loosely roped off for VSOE passengers; however, we are free to wander up to the deck, for a taste of the wind and the waves. Eventually, past the mottled cliffs of Folkestone the white cliffs of Dover appear; a few more alternations of sun and shadow, and we're in sight of Boulogne, where the dark blue Wagon-Lits carriages are waiting.

The next couple of hours are a flutter of gentle activity, as the car porter brings in the luggage and stows it in the overhead racks; then the *chef du train* comes round to take dinner reservations; then the car porter returns to collect passports (so you won't be disturbed for the border crossing in the night). There's just time to examine your quarters (shipshape washstand in one corner; little shelves in another), and then you should be dressing for dinner if you have the first sitting. And people really do dress. My favorites were the couple from a West End period play: they both wore purple satin, she, a Kate Nickleby kind of dress with a demure bonnet; he, Edwardian tails and top hat.

Traveling nowadays one normally, even in first class, has to make allowances for the quality of meals served in transit. On the VSOE no allowances are needed—the dinner would, quite seriously, have earned two Michelin stars. An incredible foie gras; a lovely turbot with a rich lobster sauce (somewhat *nouvelle cuisine*, but not offensively so); an escalope of veal with cèpes; a fairly good selection of cheeses; a custard dessert; coffee and petits fours. The tab for this dinner and the next day's brunch came to about $180 for two, major credit cards accepted. (The English lunch and the continental breakfast served in the compartment the next morning are included in the fare.)

As we had taken first sitting, it seemed polite to move to the bar for our cognac. (There was no bar car on the original Orient Express, but one has been added, complete with piano and personable young multilingual English pianist.) Then back to the compartment, where the seats had been transformed into upper and lower berths. (Singles are also available, at the same price.) And so to bed, as the Orient Express PUH-TUK-UH-TUKs through Burgundy toward Switzerland.

The train was running a little late, so by 7 A.M. we were still in the Rhone Valley, heading south, past the Pissevache Falls, and then turning northeast to go between the Diablerets and the Matterhorn. Breakfast is frequently interrupted for photography during this passage through the white-topped Alps; then the train plunges into the Simplon Tunnel, and when it emerges, a quarter of an hour later, we're in Italy.

By now it's time for brunch. (If I have given the impression that there was time, in the 24 hours, for nothing but eating, sleeping, and looking out the window, that's just about right.) Brunch is a buffet, half a train-car long —smoked salmon, cold oysters, mussels in a cream sauce with red caviar, cold roast pork, ham, pasta, cheese, Black Forest cake . . .

As this light repast is being consumed, the train is barreling across the Po Plain east of Milan, and when we return to the compartment it is once again a sitting room. With the palazzi of the Brenta Riviera whizzing by, the car porter returns his flock's passports, and already we're crossing the causeway that leads to Venice, the Orient Express having linked one great sea power of an earlier day with another. *Noblesse oblige.* □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE RE-UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, *by David A. Heenan (Addison-Wesley, 256 pp., $13.95).* Subtitled "An Action Agenda for Improving Business, Government, and Labor Relations," Heenan's book is long on diagnosis but short on prescription. Most readers would agree that the Japanese have been more successful than we have at building government-business cooperation and that the American public appears to lack a strong consensus about what the future should hold. David Heenan, who is ex-dean of the business school at the University of Hawaii, sur-

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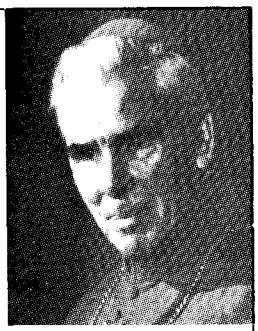
veyed more than 1,500 "opinion leaders" in business, labor, and government (including 215 U.S. senators and representatives from the 96th and 97th Congresses). The survey was concerned with identifying which of three policy scenarios the respondents preferred, expected, or felt would be most effective in addressing the problems of the 1980s. The first scenario, "regulated free enterprise," means pretty much business as usual, with perhaps minor modifications. The second, "guided free enterprise," is largely along the lines of the Japanese model, while the third envisions a centrally planned economy. Not too surprisingly, 72.9 per cent of all respondents preferred the first course (including fully 91.4 per cent of corporate CEOs, but only 46.8 per cent of labor leaders). Only 3.2 per cent personally favored a centrally planned system, while a surprising 18.6 per cent thought it might be the most effective way to go. However, unexciting survey results aside, Heenan does have some sensible suggestions for rebuilding a national consensus among the major "stakeholders" in the American polity. A more reasonable approach to multinationals, antitrust reform, productivity improvements, tax relief for industrial "high-fliers," and compulsory national service for young people between 18 and 23 are a few ideas worthy of serious discussion, although the book's title seems a bit too grandiose for the suggestions that are actually made. GEORGE VIKSNINS

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, *by Brian Martin (Oxford, 160 pp., $19.95).* Sooner or later, and the sooner the better, John Henry Newman will be declared saint and doctor of the Catholic Church. Every side of his multifaceted genius is a circumstance of rejoicing; and Brian Martin has taken an excellent perspective in this small jewel of a book. Newman aficionados will find much to fault here; the work cannot lay a glove on Marvin O'Connell's *Oxford Conspirators* for perception and acuity, and Meriol Trevor's laurels are similarly safe. Moreover, the treatment of Newman's masterpieces—*Grammar of Assent*, *Development*, and *Apologia*—will seem flat and two-dimensional. Nonetheless, the book has something that no competing work has: a sequence of illustrations, ranging from miniatures to photographs, that illuminate and invigorate the text. And the text, even considered as pictorial commentary, has merit: solid, unpretentious, and even-paced, it does manage to encapsulate the imperial intelligence of Newman within a hundred pages or so, thereby providing a model of what the advocate of the cause should have in his brief on that happy day when Newman does indeed come into his own. GERALD T. DUNNE



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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Another View of Imperialism

On The Right

New York, May 18—Concerning the endless problem of the Middle East, a few observations:

1. At the rate at which American diplomatic time and effort are expended on the Middle East, we are surely approaching the day when we will need two Secretaries of State. One to devote himself to the rest of the world, the second to devote himself to the Middle East.

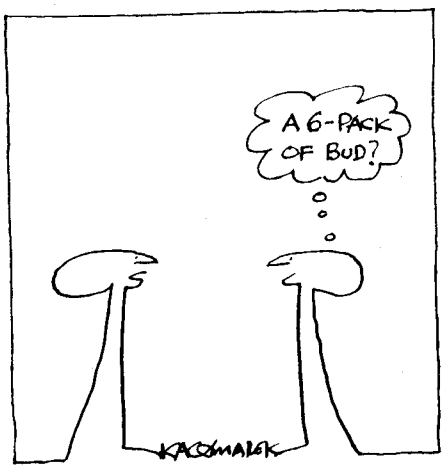
2. Our interests in the area are obvious. It is, in its own way, the geopolitical ganglion whose fibers reach into Asia, Russia, Europe, and Africa. And it is, of course, the central repository of world oil and will continue to be, unless American technology and European capital perform the miracle of developing Soviet oil and gas to the point of rendering Arab reserves redundant.

But one's attention focuses more and more on the infinity of problems we are supposed to solve. We are supposed to know who is right, who wrong, in the continuing war between Iraq and Iran. We are supposed to decide whether the Golan Heights really are or really are not essential to the security of Israel. We are supposed to guarantee democratic government to Lebanon, and independence, to which end we occasionally land our Marines there. We are supposed to prevent Israeli soldiers from wandering too far north, east, or west in the area. We are supposed to assume some kind of moral authority on what precautions are to be taken to prevent Christians from murdering Palestinians. We are supposed to decide exactly what kind of fighter planes we can sell to the Saudis, how much money and credit to extend to Egypt, how much Egypt residually owes to Israel in return for the return of the Sinai. We are supposed to decide so much 'that backward reels the mind, to recall the language in which *The New Yorker* once twitted *Time* magazine.

3. Now it is difficult to remind ourselves that just a year ago, Israeli forces marched into Lebanon and started clearing out the PLO. During the next few weeks the PLO was for all intents and purposes boycotted by the Arab countries, suggesting that the Palestinians' is a problem the Arabs on the one hand feel they need to associate themselves with, on the other hand a problem they wish would simply go away. The problem *would* have gone away, at least for a few years, if it had not been for our old friend, the Soviet Union. The Communists sat out the military fighting, but watched ruefully the total destruction of their military paraphernalia in Syria. The result? The Soviet Union has, at an estimated cost of more than $1 billion, re-equipped the Syrian war machine, using more modern weapons that prospectively threaten even the American fleet in the eastern Mediterranean. If there is an opportunity for the Soviet Union to complicate a political situation, to prevent its resolution, to exacerbate the component parts, that is what the Soviet Union will do. Its leverage in the area is a huge war machine, geographical proximity, and its alliance with Palestinian irredentism.

4. We are all brought up to hate imperialism, right? Well, some of us are under-educated. Stan Evans, a right-wing writer and wit, replied the other day to the question, Where should conservatives have stood in the Falklands controversy? with a marvelous caricature of conservative thought. "That's a tough one," he said. "On the one hand, we conservatives are in favor of imperialism everywhere. On the other hand, we are in favor of fascist dictatorships." Lots of fun, that.

But perhaps the time has come to think a little bit imperialistically. Not because it is the ideal way to solve the problem, but because no other "solution" has proved possible. We can't control the Begin government. We can't control Syria's Assad, or the Saudis; we can't even control King Hussein, in which respect we are very nearly unique.



"WHAT'S BEYOND MAN'S PITIFUL HOPES, DREAMS AND FEARS?"

Why not give serious thought to telling Israel to go ahead and occupy Damascus? It is hard to know why we should cavil at giving Israel as many arms as the Soviet Union gives to Syria. And who doubts that, if Damascus could march into Tel Aviv, Damascus would do exactly that? And then why not let Israel dictate the terms to Hussein? That's right: tell him what to do. Clearly we have a moral interest in right conduct, in fairness, in humane policies, and we should exert all our influence to see to it that such policies are pursued. But why not say to our friends in the area: Okay, okay. God knows we tried. Now we're going to let Israel run the show, and back Israel to the hilt. We must assume that the Soviet Union will not make a world war out of this, because the Soviet Union does not want a world war. Is that clear enough? □

WHEN A CHANGE IS NECESSARY

New York, May 20—The *New York Times* lead editorial begins, "What ever happened to the balanced-budget amendment? It's obviously gone, to the burial ground for bad ideas. But what ever happened to the idea of reducing the budget deficit?"

It is correct that nothing appears to be happening to advance a balanced-budget amendment, and clear that the second of the rhetorical questions asked by the *New York Times* answers the first. There being no budget amendment, less thought is being given to balancing the budget. So?

When it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change. That adage —was it by Lord Falkland?—is held as revealed conservative doctrine, and very much so in the matter of changing the Constitution. James Jackson Kilpatrick, who as a dispenser of wisdom in most matters sits at the right hand of Solomon, sometimes gives the impression that he would rather paint over the Sistine Chapel than approve a constitutional amendment. And, of course, the presumption is against changing the basic law of

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a society. But there are 26 amendments to the Constitution, and although by no means all of them are, in retrospect, sound, they indicate that from time to time a change is thought to be in order.

Any constitution that seeks to bind the political conduct of a people needs to take into consideration two things, one of them human nature, the second the cultural distinctiveness of the members of a particular society. A modern political miracle was the fashioning of an instrument in Philadelphia almost two hundred years ago that accommodated both human nature, and American habits of mind and behavior. But two hundred years later we look back on when the Constitution was framed much as the Founding Fathers, looking back, could see the foundation of the colony at Plymouth. Post-constitutional America, in other words, has now lasted longer than pre-constitutional America. So that we can with some gravity weigh what has become a national habit, and that is: the unbalanced budget.

Some time after the automobile was invented, it generally transpired that automobiles could not be permitted to drive as fast as engineers could make them drive. Because something other than the chauffeur's life was at stake: the lives of other people. So there came: the speed laws.

Some time after the development of a parliament whose authority over money was unchecked, there transpired the need to provide such a check. This need for a check is an aspect of the human condition. A phrase incorporated in the most common prayer recited in Christendom is: "Lead us not into temptation." It isn't undignified to keep stray cigarettes out of sight of the man who is trying to kick the habit, or booze away from the alcoholic struggling to reform. Why do we suppose that politicians are not subject to temptation in that, as members of the human race, we are all of us sinners?

CONGRESSMAN Phil Gramm, who before going to Congress taught economics, a few years ago did a study. For convenience I have rounded off the figures, but inconsequentially. What he said was that the typical money bill that comes before Congress is for $50 million. The typical beneficiary of that money bill stands to get $500 if the bill is passed. The taxpayer stands to pay out 50¢ extra in tax if the bill is passed. Now: On which shoulder is the congressman likely to feel the greatest pressure on the day the bill comes up for a vote? The shoulder on which the people are leaning who will gain $500? Or the shoulder on which they lean who stand to lose 50¢? You guessed it.

Mr. Gramm then gave a concrete example. A few years ago it was suggested in the House of Representatives that at a time when there was zero economic growth among American workers, the half-yearly indexation of Social Security was both unwise and unfair, and that, instead, indexation should take place only once a year. The motion was carried by voice vote. Then . . . one congressman asked for a roll-call. You guessed it again: the economy was voted down, 2 to 1. Temptation is precisely, as Oscar Wilde said, the one thing most people cannot resist.

The time has come to mitigate the lure of temptation. If we had a balanced-budget amendment—one carefully drawn up to take contingency into consideration—we would have the constitutional equivalent of speed laws. How good it would be if bipartisan support could be got for such an amendment. Why not begin with a joint statement by Common Cause, and the Heritage Foundation? □

HE'S WRONG! *New York*, May 11—Americans now in their mid-fifties weren't very long out of diapers when Herbert Hoover was President, and for those of them conservative-minded, that was about the last time, before Reagan, that they could have voted enthusiastically on many matters of public issue. The point of which is that, most of the time, we have had Democrats in the White House and have lusted for opportunities to criticize what they say, when what they say merits criticism—which is much of the time. But however much we cherish the tradition of vigorous opposition, surely what the networks have hit upon, following a presidential speech, is—if the word can be used in politics—quite simply unfair.

The Constitution of the United States obliges the President to speak to Congress from time to time and to "recommend to their Consideration such Measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." Traditionally, Congress has received such recommendations, and then acted, whether affirmatively or negatively. Before the days of radio and television, there weren't any means by which, simultaneously, the President could communicate to Congress and to the people. There is no question that on most issues that touch on deep emotions, or on the safety of the state, the reach of the President to the people probably exceeds in impact his reach to Congress. So that technology has in fact given to the President two simultaneous forums. Without voting for plebiscitary government, it is correct to say that an appeal to the people is an exercise in addressing the "decent opinion of mankind," as Jefferson put it when he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Now the convention of taking the entire presidential audience and delivering it to a representative of the opposition whose job is to undercut the President is, I repeat, quite simply unfair. Permit a practitioner to explain why this is so. The traditional order of scholastic learning prescribed first grammar, then logic, then rhetoric. Grammar is, here, a metaphor for a collection of facts. Logic serves to describe the arrangement of facts in syllogistic—indeed, logical—order. Rhetoric is the form within which grammar and logic are subsumed. Rhetoric is designed to appeal, moreover, to the heart, and to the memory, as well as to the mind.

NOW A public official uses two distinct modes of argumentation a) when he appears on the floor of the parliament to make a statement he expects instantly to be rebutted; and b) when he appears on the floor to deliver a statement which traverses grammar and logic, and aspires to rhetoric. Winston Churchill with great ease could handle a) parliamentary debate, and b) addresses to the nation. But if he had composed a speech whose closing lines were "I have nothing to offer but blood, sweat, and tears" and Christopher Dodd had then been flashed on the screen to say, "It's typical of British Conservatives to offer only blood, sweat, and tears. What we need is socialized medicine, air conditioning, and cheers, not tears"—the effect of what Mr. Churchill intended could not possibly have survived.

Now this is said with caution, because there are times when one devoutly hopes that what one thinks is pure hot air will meet up with a little ice-cold analysis. But that is the job of subsequent argumentation, editorials, public analysis. It is wrong instantly to write a death sentence on successful rhetoric, and this, in my opinion, the networks are doing. In doing that, they deprive the Chief Executive of the United States of de facto access to the human reserves of his constituency.

And this is not good. Moreover, the Democratic Party nowadays seems to proceed on the assumption that absolutely any foreign-policy initiative by the Republican Party, save possibly aid to Israel, is provocative, dangerous, inhuman, anti-democratic, and bellicose. We used to talk about a bipartisan foreign policy, which nowadays happens only when Republicans agree with Democrats. The notion that the people must not be permitted to spend an hour or two ingesting a presidential speech is to insist, in effect, that no presidential speech should be given a chance to breathe; which is to say that no President should be permitted to address the people with a few minutes' advantage. Which is to say that Presidents are always out to deceive the people. Which is to say that—democracy is no good? □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. James, Cephas, and John gave Barnabas and me the handclasp of ___ (Gal. 2:9)
107 42 158 53 130 83 88 117 101 124

B. What a sane man is in (2 words)
122 160 176 137 44 143 222 216 10

C. When California had its first wave of immigrants
45 50 48 49

D. A New Testament book
132 75 3 167 184 220 125 204 213

E. An Old Testament book
134 76 98 123 186 4 148 113

F. An Old Testament book
165 33 69 200 194 23 12 40 19 55
185

G. What Lou Gehrig was the "Pride of" (3 words)
198 21 61 85 128 126 36 119 133 146
78 94 106 154

H. What the Confederates didn't call a railway terminal (2 words)
54 37 47 190 104 161 177 181 127 155
169 221

I. A wind peculiar to India and neighboring countries
20 24 28 43 52 68 2

J. Both pleasant and painful
91 73 192 6 65 86 180 41 203 138
195

K. The scarlet pimpernel
97 13 207 187 64 212 170 7 31

L. A game of chance in which the odds are 5 to 1 in your favor (2 words)
100 34 59 79 149 153 156 166 1 57
81 89 112 116 121

M. The name of 26 different characters in the Old Testament; first four letters, a 27th
139 178 66 206 14 172 114 210

N. Advantageously
129 140 93 99 18 183 56 84 201

O. Not restricted
22 46 58 62 87 74 95 16 223

P. Item used chiefly as a local and spinal anesthetic (one of two spellings)
35 92 11 103 51 224 8 150

Q. A dog from a country much in the news lately (2 words)
60 17 157 202 163 171 105 188 109 131
135

R. Having a nose (slang)
70 108 173 102 162 211 217

S. Into a worse condition
208 144 120 110 63 174 189 214

T. Syncope
191 90 27 175 71

U. "They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase/Soil our ___" (*Hamlet* I:4)
215 111 225 179 29 197 151 164

V. The most common form of government today
168 30 67 141 145 152 199 80 218

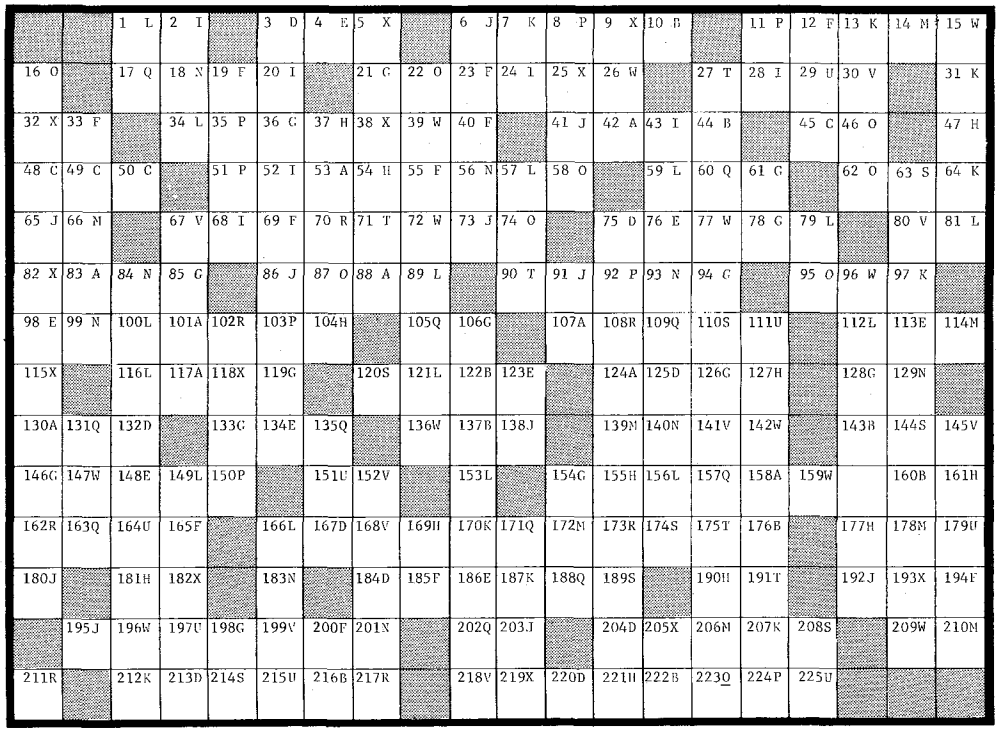
W. The whole people gathered as one man in the open space before ___ (Neh. 8:1) (3 words)
209 96 26 39 72 136 142 196 15 77
147 159

X. A military rating below expert and above marksman
5 193 205 219 25 182 32 38 82 115
118 9

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 710 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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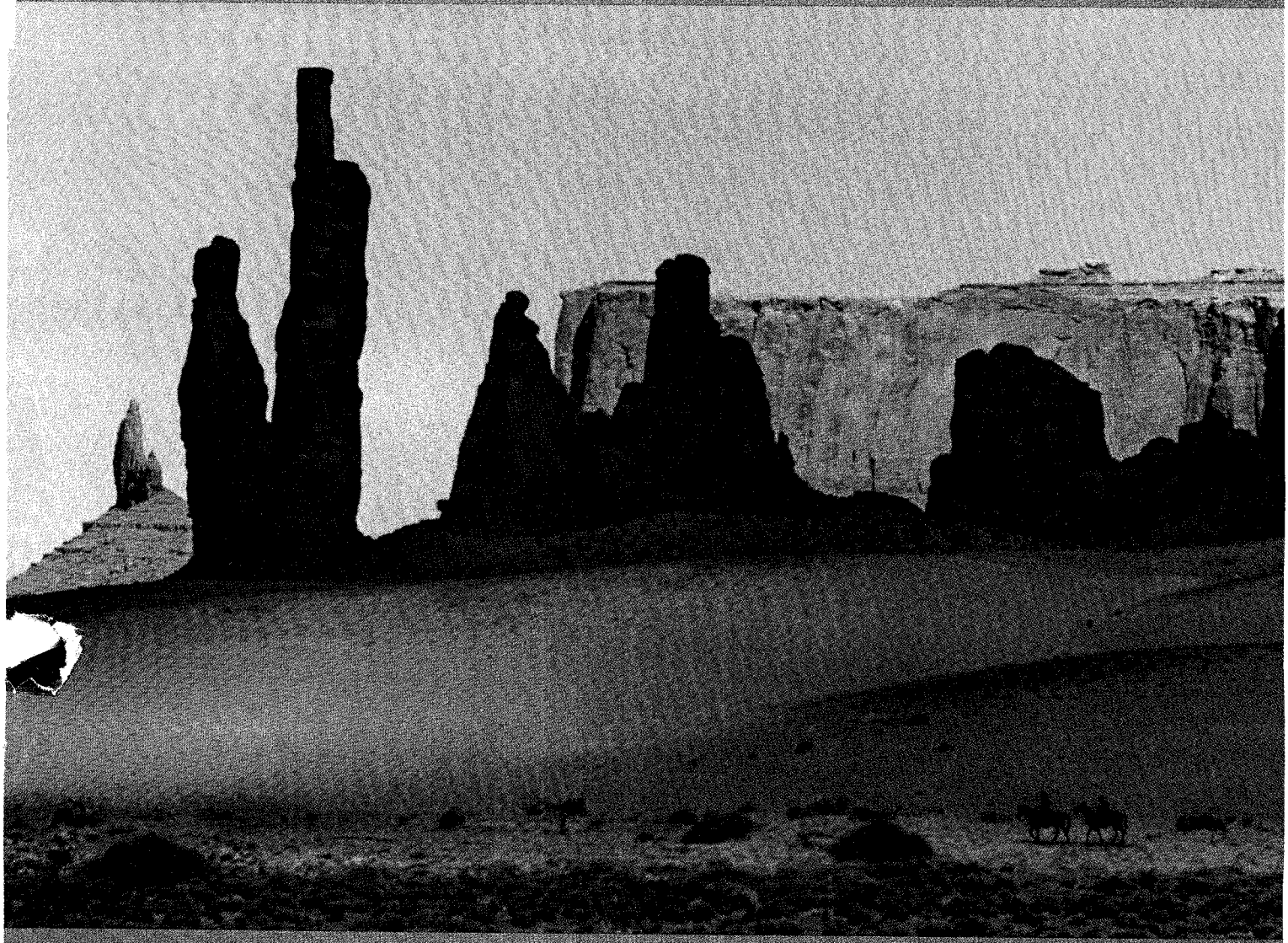
The Spirit of America



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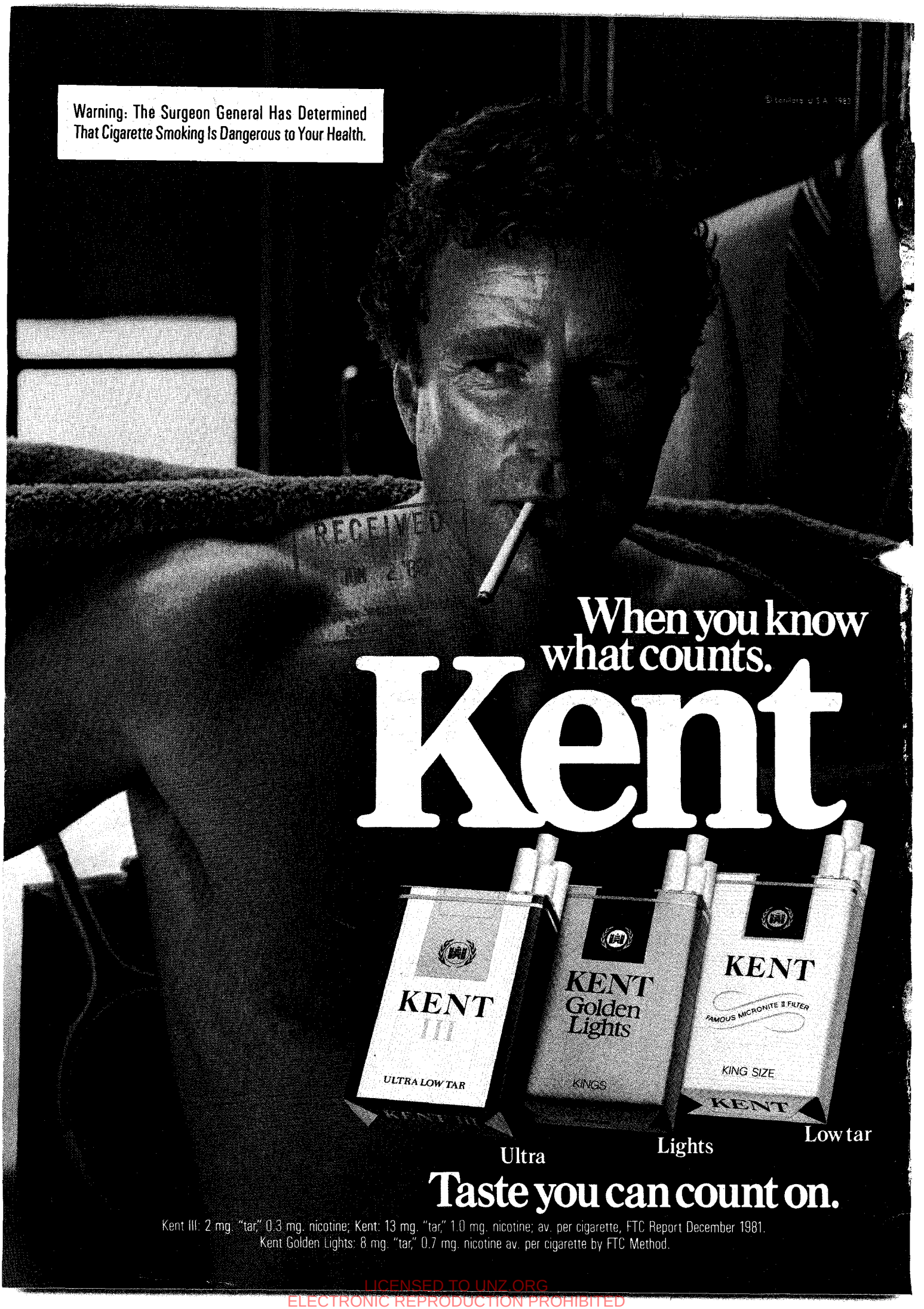
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Low tar
Taste you can count on.
Kent III: 2 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine; Kent: 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report December 1981.
Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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